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My Brother's Keeper

... by ...

R. T. D. Carpenter, A. B., Th. G.

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R. T. D. Carpenter

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R. T. D. Carpenter, A. B., Th. G.

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MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

In writing the introduction to your book entitled "My Brother's Keeper" will you allow me to write a short article in bringing this valuable work before the people of the country.

A century of the Temperance Reform has given birth to quite an extensive literature upon that subject. Almost every feature of the great movement has been exhaustively treated by eminent students and the literature is the just pride of all friends of the Great Reformer. However, as the cause has advanced and the minds of men grown, the best treatments have had to be revised or replaced by other and better expositions of the principles upon which the movement is founded.

In the book written by R. T. D. Carpenter, A. B., Th. G., the writer has striven to record the progress of the movement and to utter the latest word which the Reformer has to offer, but I dare not presume to write the last word upon a movement so full of

life and growth as this cause has shown in every stage since its birth. It is not wholly unlike the popular sciences, of which, if one desires to keep abreast he cannot afford to wait for regular treatises, but must ever seek record of the newest discovery or theory in the daily and monthly publications. Nevertheless, in common with all true science, there are certain fundamental truths which, when once made known underlie and enter into all future considerations of the subject. Those great and basic principles of the reform he has sought to state with clearness and to defend with vigor every phase of the subject I have endeavored to canvass. The writer has written the book with this in his mind that it might solve the great problem of the Temperance Movement in this country. I have myself carefully analyzed the manuscript of the book. Its English is perfect and the writer has taken great pains in accomplishing this great work. Therefore the book comes forth from the writer's hands with this desire that it will find an ever widening circle of readers.

JOHN HENDERSON, B. A.
London University.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

CHAPTER I.

LUCILE'S BURDENS.

It was a beautiful spring morning, roses were blooming and modest violets were lifting their dewey heads to kiss the morning sun. The air was pregnant with the sweet aroma of the honeysuckle, birds were singing everywhere, as Lucile Cameron strolled through the flower garden and rested her head on her arm while she leaned on the garden fence.

At that time, Mr. Henry Sharp, known better by all in the city, by the name of Judge Sharp had strolled through his garden and came suddenly on Lucile leaning on the fence.

The Cameron home and Sharp home were situated on adjacent lots, nestling in some

beautiful trees and surrounded by the most attractive flower gardens in that part of the city, and only a low iron fence separated the two gardens which seemed to vie with each other in beauty; in fact, the above homes mentioned were the most attractive in that part of the City of Fort Worth.

As Judge Sharp approached Lucile he softly bade her good morning in his usual way. At that moment Lucile sprang from her position and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Sharp I was not expecting to see you here so early in the morning." "Neither was I expecting to see you here," replied Judge Sharp. "Lucile, you seem so lonely, your face looks haggard as though you had not slept for a week."

Now, Mr. Sharp was a man about fifty years of age; he had a strong aquiline nose, was good natured, very affable in his demeanor and had a kind word for everyone, and would gladly do all he could to lift your burdens, but he had some political views that would stir him to irony when you would

cross him; in fact, he had been a father to Lucile Cameron since her father had died and left her mother a widow with two children, a boy and a girl.

Lucile answered Mr. Sharp with a pathetic tone in her voice, "I have a burden that is about to crush my heart, a battle that is raging in my soul, and I am determined to fight it out at this time." She seemed to stand erect as if to take new courage and call forth her latent powers as though a new spirit had come into her soul to give her new ambition and a greater vision of life.

Now, Lucile Cameron was a beautiful young lady of eighteen summers. She had just graduated from the High School of Fort Worth with first honors. She had blue eyes, golden hair, fair skin, rosy cheeks and a lithe form; she had such a beautiful complexion that all of her school mates called her "peaches and cream."

Judge Sharp had stood silent for some time looking at Lucile with an expression

of sympathy on his face; he wittingly said, "I wish Tommy could see you this morning, I think he could help you in some way." At the very mention of the name of Thomas Sharp a blush stole over Lucile's face, but as she gave him a furtive look with her blue eyes, she said, "May I see you in your office tomorrow about eight o'clock?" Mr. Sharp answered her curtly, "I'll be glad to see you at that time Lucile."

Lucile Cameron stepped forward and gave Judge Sharp a warm hand shake and turned her face towards the house with a heavy heart and downcast countenance that caused her almost to falter when she reached the high steps that led up to the door of entrance in the home.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISGRACE OF THE CAMERON HOME REVEALED.

When Lucile Cameron had returned to the house and entered the parlor door she saw her mother's languid form lying on the parlor lounge, with her face buried in her hands, weeping aloud as though her heart would break, saying, "My Boy! My Boy! What will become of him? Lucile sprang to her side and kindly put her arms around her mother's neck and began to console her as a mother would a child. "Oh, mother, don't weep that way, you break my heart. What has happened to Willie? I know something awful has happened to him. Tell me quick, Oh, do tell me quick."

"Now, listen, child," Mrs. Cameron said as she began to raise her slender form to a sitting posture, as the flush of life began to return to her face, showing the outlines

of a face that was once beautiful but now thin and pale, made so by toil and care, as she was left a widow with all the business cares upon her and the care of her household, which burdens were so great they almost sapped her life from her, and another burden was added, Willie Cameron, her only son, had become a drunkard.

Before Mrs. Sarah Cameron could finish her conversation, Lucile exclaimed, "Mother has Willie come home?" "Yes, my child, he staggered in just after you left for your walk. His face all haggard and emaciated and bleeding, his clothes were covered with the slime and muck of the streets, and without a cent of money in his pockets. He spent two hundred dollars last night. At that rate he will soon spend all we have, for your father only left us seven thousand dollars and this home at his death. Oh, something must be done," said Mrs. Cameron, as she began to wring her hands and weep, as the burden seemed to crush her soul.

"Oh, how I wish enough good men and

women would rise up and vote saloons out of this beautiful country of ours. But," Mrs. Cameron added, "we mothers cannot vote now but I believe, my daughter, that in the near future, we will have an opportunity to rise up with our votes and defend our property and homes and our dear boys."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you talk that way mother for I have just finished an essay on woman's rights that I think has opened up vistas of thought for women. I expect to deliver or read it to Judge Sharp in his office tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, for I have a date with him at that time and, as he is a great politician, if we can win him over to our cause I think we can get a hearing in this county."

"Well," said Mrs. Cameron, "I hope we can do something to eliminate the curse of rum and the awful stigma that the selling of the stuff has brought to our fair land."

"That old argument that the liquor men put up that if you leave liquor alone it will leave you alone, is the biggest lie that the

devil ever did propogate. I have let liquor alone all my life but now it comes with a cunning and slimy hand to rob me of my only boy." At this moment Mrs. Cameron turned pale and almost collapsed. Lucile drew near, whispering in her mother's ear, saying, "Take courage, mother, I believe, the light will shine on our pathway some day. But, mother, there comes a voice to me daily asking me about brother, and somehow I have answered like Cain of old 'Am I my brother's keeper?' "

"I think I will start tonight and see if I can keep him from those places of sin. I will play for him sweet music and sing him some good songs, forsooth I might draw his mind from the places of sin; also I will undertake to draw some mental pictures from the gruesome spectacles of history and show him what drink has done, in other words, I will do my best to show him the awful doom to which a drunkard is bound to come, and on the other hand how beautiful it is to have a clean character and live at home with

mother and sister and enjoy the life that comes to all sober minded and thoughtful young men."

"Well, my child," said Mrs. Cameron, "I am afraid that your efforts will be in vain unless you can do something to remove the appetite for strong drink."

"For an appetite is stronger than love; many men have created such an appetite for liquor that they have broken their wives' hearts and turned their backs on their first love. Appetite is stronger than affection. The appetite for liquor has caused many a father to leave his little children without clothes or bread, to starve and freeze to death in some deserted hut; also an appetite is stronger than formal religion; many a man makes a profession of religion and you would think he is alright but by and by his appetite will draw him away and cause him to bring disgrace upon himself and his church. The only consolation one has is that if the soul is truly saved it will return some day to our Father's House."

But, when night came Lucile found that her charge was very restless, so she led him into the parlor and began to play sweet music for him, but as soon as he seemed to be contented to stay at home that night the phone rang and a message was for Willie, or "Bill" as he was called by his chums, to come to the corner of Tenth and Main at once. Lucile knew what that meant for old Bill Davis' Saloon was on that corner—the worst hell hole in the city. So she took him by the hand and pleaded with him not to go but at last he prevailed upon her to let him go just a few minutes. He would soon return and spend the night at home; so as he passed out of the door she said to him, "Remember your promise. I will stand here until you return." And as he left she thought of the fifty dollars he drew out of the bank that evening. "It will be so bad if he spends that money tonight," exclaimed Lucile, "for we need it so much in our home."

When Willie had reached Tenth and Main he found his chums awaiting for him; they

were old Bill Davis' agents, or rather his decoy ducks to draw young men into his saloon so that he might rob innocent young men of their hard earned money.

So old Bill chuckled in his sleeves when his agents marched Willie Cameron up to the bar for his first drink. There they drank and gambled until the late hour of midnight.

Old Bill had gotten all of Willie's money and in turn Willie had filled up on old Bill's bad whiskey so that he could not find the way home. When the closing hour came old Bill pushed Willie Cameron out in the streets and, he not being able to stand, fell headlong into the gutter.

Lucile Cameron had stood in the door for several hours waiting for her brother to return. Now, it was half past twelve and it was very dark, for the wind had veered to the northeast and it had begun to rain, so she could not wait any longer and as she stepped from the door she said to herself, "I will find Willie tonight if I am compelled to walk the street and search every nook and

corner." She repeated again as she closed the gate, "I must find him tonight."

So she directed her course to Tenth and Main because that was the place designated by the phone message. When she reached the place her hair was all down over her face and her clothes wet because the rain had increased and in this condition she began to search for her wayward brother.

She had looked everywhere she thought he could be except in the back alley; also, she noticed two policemen watching her very closely and, in order to avoid them, she turned her steps to the back alley with a hope that she might find Willie somewhere in that place.

Before she had gone very far up the alley she saw something that looked like a man lying in the gutter; she approached it almost breathless, and as she reached the object she bent over and put her hand upon his head and it was cold as death; she raised his head and drew it to the sidewalk and when the rays of light from a nearby win-

dow fell on his face she saw it was her brother.

The thoughts of death chilled her soul. "Is he dead," she exclaimed to herself. She felt of his heart and found it still beating; she took courage. At that moment she thought of the money he had brought from home and thrust her hands in his pockets to see if it was there.

At that time two policeman sprang upon her and said with coarse, and harsh, voice, "Now, we have you, you are the old hag that has been robbing these drunken men for the past several months, now, we have you."

No, No!" she cried out, "don't, don't! I am Lucile Cameron, this boy's sister; I came to take him home."

By that time the policeman had blown his whistle and the patrol wagon was on the scene and Lucile Cameron and her brother were hastened to the police station and there put in a lock-up.

It was a lonely night for Lucile yet when

she had seated herself by the side of her brother she said to herself, "It is true tonight that I am my brother's keeper."

Lucile Cameron seemed to have forgotten her environment and her sad plight, and her awful condition of disgrace; her thoughts being concentrated on her charge which was lying before her.

She broke out in deep sobs with a very pitiful cry, "Oh, why should the innocent be compelled to suffer this way? Oh for an unseen hand to touch the hearts of enough good men and women so that they would be aroused to the sense of their duty and the obligations they owe to their brother man, the obligations they owe to their state, and above all the obligations they owe to their Creator; and also that they might have the Christian fortitude to strike the blow that would eliminate such an evil and curse from our land."

At that moment Lucile clutched her fist and seemingly rising in her womanhood with new faith and courage, she said, "I will de-

liver my speech on the liquor business and woman's rights before the sun goes down this day."

Just at the dawn of the morning Willie Cameron awoke from his drunken slumber and when he saw his sister by his side he was almost speechless. "Oh, sister," he exclaimed, "why are you here? It makes me so sad to see you here in this dungeon of muck and vermin and stench." I do not mind it at all, Willie, if you will make me a pledge that you will not drink any more."

"Oh, sister, I would be so glad to do so, but I can't, I cannot, I am the worst wretch under the sun, don't call me brother any more, I am not worthy of that name. Your lips are too clean to utter the name of such an outcast as I am; I have not only brought disgrace to our home; I have not only broken mother's heart, but I have dragged you down to the pits of shame and into this miserable place; never take me by the hand again, let me go, let me leave this town, even this country and go out into the wilderness and

dwell with the beasts of the field, for the lowest beasts are to good to keep my company."

Just at that juncture the lock on the cell door clicked and two policemen stepped in and with a harsh and gurgling tone of voice, said, "You are wanted in the court," and they rushed them before Judge Barton.

At that moment a pale faced woman stepped in the court room and went straight to the prison bar, and when she had glanced at the prisoners, she staggered and almost fell before them, and exclaimed in a very pathetic tone, "Oh, Lucile! Oh, Willie! Is it possible that rum has brought you to this?" And when she had regained control of herself she turned to Judge Barton and said, Judge, these are my children. Willie stayed out late last night,, Lucile went after him and you see the result; I will pay Willie's fine for being drunk if you will release him at once." "Go, I will gladly do so," replied the Judge, so they left the court room together with heavy hearts.

CHAPTER III.

THE DISGRACE OF LUCILE CAMERON BEING REVEALED TO THE SHARP FAMILY.

The servant had just rung the breakfast bell, Judge Sharp, with a pale face, came into the beautiful dining room and seated himself near the dining table with the morning paper in his hand.

The dining room was built on the old-fashioned order, with exquisite curtains hanging from the windows, with large pictures upon the wall of the heroes of the war of '75, also a picture of the old liberty bell had a very prominent place on the old-fashioned mantlepiece. Its lofty ceiling was frescoed in sectional pannels by a great artist, in fact everything was very neat and the very atmosphere of the dining room was somewhat appetizing to anyone whose night's rest did not bring a good appetite for the morning meal.

Tommy and Effie Sharp glided into the room and took their usual seats on either side of their father. Since their mother's death they desired to stay very close to their father and comfort him with any words they might say or anything they might be able to do for him.

In a moment Judge Sharp gave a furtive glance at Tommy and Effie and said with a trembling voice, "I have some sad intelligence for you this morning. I will read it to you."

"A woman calling herself Lucile Cameron was found robbing a drunk man last night at 12:30, at Tenth and Main and was put in a lock-up."

Tommy Sharp rose and clenched his fist and said, "It's a lie." "I know it is," said Effie curtly. "I know tnat Lucile Cameron would not do such a thing as that." "But," said Judge sharp, "here it is in big head lines, 'Lucile Cameron, 1742 H. Avenue,' and you know that is her number."

"Now, my son, aren't you glad that you

tilted that Cameron girl last Sunday?"

"Daddy, I deny the charge; she tilted me. I love Lucile. I don't care what they say about her, I would give this world for her hand."

Thomas Sharp abruptly arose and left the room, muttering in a low tone, threats against anyone who would bring disgrace upon Lucile Cameron without a cause.

As Thomas Sharp took his seat in the parlor behind closed doors his thoughts ran back to Lucile Cameron's graduating day. He thought how exquisite was her graduating dress; how lithe her form; how accurate her steps when she moved from one position to another; how gracefully she stood while the President presented her diploma tied with beautiful blue ribbon; how jubilant he felt when, now and then, she would give him a furtive look, and how his heart did leap when she passed down the aisle and, seemingly, came his way to touch his hand, and he declared to himself as he mused over the past that the beautiful Queen of the

East would look homely by the side of the "Queen of his heart." He muttered again to himself, "I know that Lucile is not guilty; it is a fabrication of lies and I trust some day we will be able to prove that Lucile Cameron is the purest and sweetest young lady that ever walked the streets of this old sin cursed city."

As Thomas Sharp left the room, Judge Sharp turned to Effie and said, "My daughter I have desired to have a private talk with you about that Cameron boy; he seems to come here very often. Has he ever made love to you?"

"Now, father," Effie Sharp replied, "you need not bother yourself about Willie Cameron; I once thought a great deal of Willie," and her voice trembled with emotion, and she could scarcely articulate a sentence, for it seemed that her heart being filled with emotion, not only expressed herself in her faltering voice, but she was wiping big tears from her cheeks, and with this embarrassment she continued her conversation.

"Father, Willie has taken up the awful drink habit and the last time he asked me for my company I refused him and it seemed to break his heart. Father, it seems that part of my heart is gone, I have been sad and melancholy ever since."

"Why don't you and other leading politicians rise up and lead a force against the demon drink; to eliminate it from the country it would not only save our young men from the pits of debauchery and shame, but would prolong the life of our nation, and bring joy and peace and contentment into a thousand homes, and prolong the lives of many mothers so that they would be able to exchange the garments of mourning for garments of peace and enjoyment." But here Effie was overcome with emotion, burying her head in her hands and weeping aloud for several minutes; but when she regained her composure she said; "father, do you know that Mrs. Cameron is heart-broken over Willie's downfall and she is gradually dying on her feet?"

"Oh, isn't it horrible, that the government is so unjust as to give a license to a saloon to grind the life and character out of the youth of our land and to drag down poor mothers with grief to an untimely grave."

"I am so glad that there were enough good men and good women in Tennessee and several other of our great States, to drive the demon drink from their fair borders. Give the women their rights and we will drive this monster from the whole United States before 1920."

"I know," said Effie, " that where there is sin committed there must be great atonement; that Tennessee has been steeped so many years in the liquor traffic and the devil had used so many instrumentalities in propagating his doctrine of intemperance that it took the blood of one of the best citizens of Tennessee to atone for this great sin, and that great man was Judge Carmack. It was the case of the innocent suffering for the guilt of others, but from the spirit of that

great man arose an influence that permeated every nook and corner of old Tennessee, until thousands who were in the bondage of drink have been freed from this monster and such men as Judge Patterson and others are stumping the country in behalf of prohibition."

"Well, Effie," said Mr. Sharp, "you are quite an orator this morning."

"Well," retorted Effie, "I think if anyone had a spark of oratory in them such a subject as this would fan it into a flame. I see some of our best young men grappling with this monster drink, and it seems that the powers of darkness are forging chains and shackles to carry off our young men into bondage, and if we should be free we must strike the blow and free our land from such bondage, and if the men will not do this, I think that the mothers and sisters and daughters ought to summon all powers that it is possible to mobilize and make an attack on this arch-enemy of noble manhood and womanhood."

"Now," said Judge Sharp, "this is enough of that for this time; there is one more thing I want to say to you Effie, and also I must say it to Tommy. I must not catch you in company with those Camerons anymore; you can't afford to be degraded by them, nor even have your name mentioned in connection with them."

After Judge Sharp delivered this little speech he left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

LUCILE CAMERON, THE ORATOR.

It was a beautiful spring morning, flowers were blooming everywhere and all nature seemed to be smiling on everybody.

The people were crowding down the streets, and cheers were heard on all sides when friends would meet; all faces seemed to be shining with vigor and youth in keeping with all nature. But there was one sad face and heavy heart. Lucile Cameron was wending her way to Judge Sharp's office and she was almost thinking aloud, "how beautiful and happy this world would be if wicked men had not made poisonous liquors to lure our young men to a place where they develop an appetite for something that will ultimately destroy their character and manhood and lead them to destruction."

"They have done this in order to satisfy

their greed for gain of money—they are swapping the blood of our youth for gold and silver."

"Oh, it makes my heart ache; I can hardly stand it." In a few minutes Lucile had walked from her home to Judge Sharp's office and was now standing ringing the door bell. A heavy voice was heard from the inside: "Come in." At that moment Lucile Cameron pushed open the door and stood before Judge Sharp.

The moment that Lucile had closed the door behind her she removed her gloves and extended her hand as usual to Judge Sharp for a warm handshake. As Judge Sharp made no effort to rise from his seat and greet her in his usual way, a coldness stole over Lucile's heart, for it just dawned upon her that people were beginning to turn their backs upon her for the sin that Willie had committed, as she thought, for it never had occurred to her what the papers might have reported about her on the night she was cast into prison.

When Lucile Cameron had seated herself, because Judge Sharp had not even asked her to take a seat, he adjusted his glasses on his long aquiline nose and turned to her abruptly and demanded of her what he could do for her, and that he would desire that the conversation should not be very long as it was a very busy day with him.

Those words almost broke Lucile's heart because Judge Sharp had always treated her as a daughter and called her by her pet name "Lucy."

But, just at that moment Lucile recalled a note that she had received from Thomas Sharp with some statements that seemed so mysterious to her then, but very clear to her now, since she considered the cold and sordid way in which Judge Sharp received her.

Lucile finally braced up and fixed her eyes on him and said, "Judge Sharp, I have come this morning to deliver a message to you that has been on my heart for several months."

"Now Lucile," said Judge Sharp, "before you deliver your little speech, I want to call your attention to a few things, that God created man first and he is to rule over everything, even woman, and that Eve was the first to fall and not Adam, and the woman's sphere of activity is limited to the wishes of man and to the home."

"I am so glad, Judge Sharp, that you started out with that point. I want to put the character of woman by the side of the character of man and then we will see which of the two is the stronger."

"It is true, Judge Sharp, that God did create man and said he should subdue the earth, but that was before woman was created, and when God saw that Adam needed a helper, and I do not not know what men would do today without women to help them, he created woman to be a helper not a slave."

"So you men want us women to help you in the field, in the kitchen, in the stores and in the shops, and many other places I have not time to mention, but when it comes to

help you at the ballot box to save our boys, homes and country, you cry out against us."

"Oh, I see," said Judge Sharp, answering archly. "You are a suffragette."

"You can call me what you please; I am for woman's rights now and as long as I live."

"Give the fair ladies of this country a chance and they will show you what they can do for this nation. It is conceded by all orators, and you men have a few among you, that the home is the cradle of the nation and as a mother's hands administer to the incipient child until it develops into strong manhood or womanhood, and we might also add that a river never rises above its source, so according to this argument, our government is built on the character of woman instead of the character of man."

At this juncture Judge Sharp looked Lucile in the face with a cynical expression and said, "Now, you know, Miss Cameron, that Eve was the weaker character of the two. Eve fell first, and by her fall she brought

all nations down to the pits of sin and destruction."

"I think you are mistaken in this matter," retorted Lucile, "for it took all the devils in hell to cause Eve to fall but Eve just gave Adam a furtive glance and said, 'husband, taste this nice fruit' and he gladly gulped it down, and you know the results."

"Now, Judge Sharp, you can be the judge in this case. It took all the devils in hell to cause a woman to fall and only one word from a woman caused the man to fall, and more, woman was created out of better material than the first man; man was created out of the dust of the earth. The first woman was created out of a rib from the man's side; so you see that woman was created in a higher sphere than man, she was created in the second realm of development where material had crystalized into a more substantial thing than the dust of the earth."

"But wait a moment," said the Judge, as he threw himself back in his office chair, with a sinister smile on his face, "it is true

that man was made from the dust of the earth and woman from a little higher development of material, but we must note where this material came from. It came from man's side."

"I am so glad," Lucile replied, "that your argument has drifted in this channel. It seems that you are arguing my case for me. While, to be sure, the rib was taken from man's side from which woman was created, that is a strong point in women having equal right with men."

Judge Sharp seemed to be somewhat at a loss to present further argument against a young lady with such an astute mind, strong character and, seemingly, with a natural insight to the physiology and psychology of the age, and who was always ready to take care of all the psychological moments in the conversation.

"Well, Miss Cameron, I am bound to acknowledge that men and women were made equal by the process of creation and the good book says that man and wife shall be one flesh."

"So it is," retorted Lucile. "One flesh in marriage, one flesh at home, but when we come to the ballot box then we are compelled to have a separation; it is not right; I hope to see the day when all women shall have their rights."

"Now, if you will listen to me for a few minutes I'll prove to you by both Biblical and general history that women have figured largely in the crisis of Church and State."

She demurred for a moment, then began to speak. "It was a mother in Israel who cared for the child Moses and preserved his life and when he became a man he was prepared for any duty that should devolve upon him."

"He led Israel out of bondage and changed both Biblical and political history by giving the world a law that has stood the attacks of infidels through all the centuries."

"It was Rahab the harlot who rescued the men sent out by Moses to spy out the country and to seek an entrance into the Promised Land."

"Also it was Esther, a brave woman, who

saved her people from an awful death, which was intrigued by cruel men."

"And it was the Virgin of Israel who gave birth to the Savior of the world and the good women followed the Lord of Glory and administered to his wants, and when he was nailed to the ruthless cross, and when the men had fled from him, the good women watched him from afar off. They were the last at the tomb and the first to find that he had risen from the dead. In fact, the first sermon of the Resurrection was preached by a woman."

"Oh, I see," said Judge Sharp, "you seem to speak inordinately like many theologues."

"You can call me any kind of a 'log' you want but I still have more that I want you to hear."

Here, Lucile veered a little and said, "I do not care to make you indignant or worry you, but if I can persuade you to help us in our good cause I think we can win out in the end."

"Now, let us look at general history a

little. I know you are familiar with the story of Joan of Arc. When the English had beaten the French at Orleans and they skulked away like whipped curs, and practically turned Orleans over to the British as they had given up all hope of saving their fair land from the ravaging hand of the enemy, Joan of Arc, only a peasant girl, rode through the French camp and stirred the soldiers with her bravery and patriotism until they rose up with new courage and delivered their fair city from the hands of the British and saved France, their fair country, from disgrace and utter destruction."

"Now we come to the mothers of our own revolution in 1775. History teaches us while our forefathers went to the front to fight for our liberty, that their wives and mothers stayed at home and made bread with their own hands to support the soldiers. So we are bound to admit that the women had as much to do with bringing about religious and political liberty in our beloved country as the men who went to the front

lines to battle with the British army.

"And then why not allow them the same privilege to enjoy the religious and political freedom we have, as the men, for if you would withhold the kind hand of a patient mother from the training of the youth for a half century we would have a despotic government."

"Now, have you thought a moment what good women did in Illinois just a few months ago, when they were permitted to exercise their political rights. They rose up in one day and put several hundred saloons out of business with their ballot."

"Give us our rights and we will show what we can do for our country."

Now, Lucile turned seemingly with new fervor, addressing Judge Sharp, "You know, that some men of science teach that man has a stronger intellect than woman, and if you will give them the privilege to vote they will not be able to vote intelligently like the men and it would be impossible for them to use their power for the good of the country."

"That argument might be true in a great measure, that is, if you take the normal man and normal woman and compare them you might find man a stronger character, but for ages the demon drink has been lowering the standard of men, and even in some places education and refinement have been retarded by those who were favoring strong drink rather than the care and development of the character of boys and girls as they come on the scene of activity. But, on the other hand, education and refinement have been raising the standard of women and now we have women in practically all the callings of life, such as teachers, doctors, lawyers, and many other vocations of life, and I believe today that the judgment of a great many women of this country is much better than that of an equal number of men, who have their minds warped with bad liquor, politics and the greed for gain."

"Oh," said Judge Sharp, "if we would listen to you ladyfolks we would try to make this old earth a paradise."

"Oh," said Lucile, "if we could get rid of the demon drink from this country and break the powers of sin and release the noble spirits that are in bondage because of these evils, the country would be a place of transcend beauty, a place of exquisite joy, where the anger of the Creator would be placated and the weary would be at rest."

"Oh, I am so glad that the day will come when the light of this world will be swallowed up by the more brilliant light of Glory, and then we shall rise up in ecstacy in that beautiful morning to praise Him who ruleth over all the world."

"Oh, you seem to be speaking ecstatically," said Judge Sharp, "and I think we had better close this interview for this time. I will consider your plea and give you an answer in a few days."

"But there is one thing more I want to say to you, Miss Cameron, before you leave this room; it is this, that if you leave liquor alone it will leave you alone. I take a drink when I want it and you know you never saw me drunk."

Lucile began to turn pale, and answered in a trembling voice "That the devil never did teach a bigger lie than that. For an example, I and my dear mother let liquor alone but it never let us alone; it came into our home and robbed us of my only brother, one so dear to us, and also robbed me of ————," and here her voice failed her and Judge Sharp, seeming to understand, fell back in his chair, his face turning pale, he being not able to articulate a sentence, but finally he muttered to himself, "Is it possible that Tommy is drinking." "Oh it is so terrible," said Lucile, "I must tell you the truth. The last night that Tommy came to see me his breath was freighted with the bad odor of whiskey and he staggered when he came in at the door, so I told him not to call on me anymore unless he could be a man, but I love ————."

Now, that is enough of that—my boy is a gentleman and you never saw a well dressed man in the gutter," said Judge Sharp.

"Well, that might be true," Lucile replied.

"As a general rule they start to drink with some money and a few fine clothes, but as they continue this evil habit it drags them down until they spend their money and trade off their clothes and when you find them in the gutter you find them in rags, so I think the greatest curse that rum brings to a poor wretch is that it robs him of his dignity as a citizen and as a father."

At this juncture Lucile closed her speech, rose and immediately bade Judge Sharp good-bye and closed the door behind her.

Judge Sharp remained sitting in the same position with a pale face, determined to know something of his boy's debauchery; repeated to himself in a low tone, "Oh, I can't believe it, I will not believe it, my boy is a gentleman. I will see him at once and know the whole truth."

CHAPTER V.

WILLIE CAMERON'S LAST EVENING AT HOME AS A DRUNKARD.

The beautiful spring day was coming to a close. The sun was hiding itself behind the treetops and the last flickering rays were lingering on the hill side.

The air was filled with the sweet odor of the magnolia, the nightingale was singing down the close of day.

Effie Sharp was standing looking toward the Cameron home, the place forbidden her to visit.

She was thinking of Willie Cameron as he used to be before he had given himself over to drink. He was handsome, very kind to all and one of the best young men in the whole city, but now, strong drink had dragged him down to the dogs and she had turned her back upon him.

And, as she was standing gazing into

the limitless skies she seemed to hear a voice, very audible, calling to her, "Where is thy lover?" and she could not answer, only in the voice of Cain of old, "Am I my lover's keeper?"

"Oh, why did I turn my back upon him. If I had given him a helping hand I might have saved him."

She turned and went through the back gate and entered the Cameron home from the back way, and to Effie's surprise, there sat Willie Cameron on the back porch steps with his head buried in his hand, weeping aloud, saying, "I do not want to live any longer—all have turned their back on me and I am an outcast. I think I will end all this trouble tonight."

When Effie Sharp reached his side she gently placed her hand on his shoulder. "Oh, Willie, don't don't do that." He looked up through his blinding tears. "Is it truly you, Effie—is it possible that you would stoop so low to come to me a whining cur, for my companions now are only the curs that walk

the gutters, but you seem to come to me in this trying hour as an angel, a messenger of life, just to look upon your face gives me hope in life."

By this time Willie had seized Effie's extended hand to draw her closer to him. "No," said Effie, "I cannot be the same to you that I used to be. You are my novitate now, I have you on probation. If you will quit that awful drinking I will give you both my heart and hand."

"I am only here this evening as a friend to help you any way I can out of your trouble. Oh, can't you quit that bad habit for mother's sake and for sister's sake and for ——" and here she broke out in a sob—"Oh, Willie this world would be so beautiful and we would be so happy if you could be a man again. Can't you summons your manhood and extricate yourself from this horrible pit into which you have fallen?'

"Oh, I would give this world to do so," said Willie, with a far away look in his eyes. "I have tried every plan to quit it. You

know how many times I have lied to you about it; I have sworn by everything that is good that I will quit strong drink, but every time I have broken my promise and heaped more curses upon my head."

"I have played with drink like Samson played with the Philistine woman; I have risen many times and, as I thought, exerted my strength over my enemy; but at last I arose only to find my strength gone and myself in the entanglement of my enemy. I know that strong drink is a greater menance to the soul than any other evil but I cannot quit it; it hunts me like a wild beast does its prey, and now I am lost to the world, to home and to mother, and to all that is good."

"And now, Effie, something tells me that our parting hour has come."

She extended to him her hand with sobs and tears, and he took it kindly and pressed it to his lips, and in a moment Effie was lost from his view in the twilight.

Mrs. Cameron had finished the preparation for the evening meal and stepped quiet-

ly to the door, seeing Willie sitting on the steps leading into the dining hall, exclaimed, "Oh, Willie, I am so glad that you are not going out this evening, I have fixed a nice dinner for you and it will bring such joy to our hearts to be together once more at the evening meal."

He arose, brushing tears from his cheeks, entered the dining hall and took his seat at his old place. "It looks so natural," exclaimed his mother, "to have you sitting in your same old place; how sad it makes Lucile and myself when we gather at this hour each evening to partake of our evening repast and see your vacant chair. Willie, will you not promise mother that you will not go out tonight." "I'll do my best," he answered, with an uncertain sound in his voice, but when supper was over Willie went to the front porch and sat down in the porch swing.

The full moon had just risen in all its effulgence and was flooding the earth with its silver light. The iridescent milky way

spanned the sky. And as Willie gazed upon them he said, "How beautiful is God's creation, only man is vile." But the voice of the haunts of evil began to call him and the thirst for one more drink urged him on, until he exclaimed, "I must go—only one drink tonight and I will return." He put on his hat and walked deliberately out of the gate, but little did he think that it would be many months before he would see that home again.

Mrs. Cameron came to the door just as Willie slammed the gate behind him.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "He is gone. How I wish I could have kept him just for one night." Mrs. Cameron turned to Lucile, who had just come to her side and said, "Now, Lucile, you look so pale tonight you go to bed and I will keep watch for Willie and if he does not come back by twelve o'clock tonight, I will go after him myself and I will go into the deepest recesses of the dives in this city to find him."

As Lucile was exhausted from the fatigue of the day she turned and kissed her mother

good night and went to her room to spend a sleepless night, because the thought of Willie and the one she loved gave her so much concern she could not rest.

Mrs. Cameron sat on the porch looking down the street in the direction that her boy had gone, hoping every moment to see him return, but all in vain, for at last the town clock struck twelve and Willie had not returned.

Mrs. Cameron rose slowly, put on her bonnet and started in the direction the boy had gone, and as she went she said to herself, "I know where I will find him; I will go to Tenth and Main, to old Bill Davis' saloon."

"Oh, I long for the day when good men and women will come to the front in governing this town and destroy those dens of vipers. How they lure our boys into their dens and strike them with their poisonous fangs and send them out to reel, and fall and die by the wayside."

By this time Mrs. Cameron had arrived

at old Bill Davis' saloon, or den, as it was commonly called.

As she came to the door she looked in and there stood her boy drinking and cursing among a large crowd of ruffians. She pushed her way to Willie's side and put her hand on his shoulder, but before she could speak a word one of the ruffians called out to him "Look out Bill," for that is what they called him in the den, "there is that old hag after you again."

Willie was so drunk he could hardly stand up and as he turned he had a beer bottle in his hand so he struck the woman by his side over the eye, the bottle was broken all to pieces, and the woman (who was Willie's mother) fell to the floor with the blood gushing from the awful wound the bottle had inflicted.

"Eph," said one. "You have made a fine lick old boy, she will never bother you again."

But the shock had sobered Willie up and when with trembling hands he removed the bonnet from the face of his victim, he fell

back and exclaimed, "Oh, my soul, I have killed my mother, Oh, what must I do—Oh, what must I do. Go for a doctor—go quick."

Bill Davis, the saloon keeper, crept up to Willie, as he was bending over his mother weeping, and said, "Now, Bill, old boy, there is only one thing left for you to do, to save me, and my business and yourself, for if this atrocious crime should be known to the city that crazy mob of prohibitionists would use that against me and have my place of business closed. Let these boys carry this woman to the street and put her down in the gutter and you leave this town tonight."

"Oh, how can I do it—how can I be so cruel—how can I treat my own dear mother so—I cannot, I cannot. A beast would be more kindly disposed to its mate than I would be to my mother."

"But listen, boy, you can either do this or I will blow your brains out and throw both of you into the river—I repeat that if this deed should come to the knowledge of the public my place of business would be closed."

"I will have four men to swear that they saw that woman that you call your mother, slip and fall on the street and as she fell she struck her head against the curb, so you will be safe and I will be saved, and also perchance it will save the life of your mother."

Willie took the second look at his mother, and said to himself, "She might live yet and if I leave town I might save both of our lives." So he wiped the blood from her forehead, and with blinding tears he kissed her good bye and left the room.

At that juncture two big, robust policemen stepped in and said, "Hello, Bill, what's this?" pointing to the woman lying on the saloon floor. The saloon keeper quickly called them aside and soon explained his plan to cover up the deed, so they being protectors of the saloons rather than protectors of human lives, they consented to his plan, but only told him to use precaution and not to let it get out for it might hurt them too, because they were so vitally connected with the saloon element.

So, old Bill's plans were carried out. Four men seized the poor, frail woman and carried her to the gutter, and only withdrew a few feet in order that they might execute the last part of old Bill Davis' edict. Only a few moments had passed when the same policemen who had the conversation with the saloon keeper, passed that way and saw the woman in the gutter.

They turned to the men standing by and addressed them as though they thought they were the men who committed the deed. "Say did any of you see how this happened?" "Yes, sir, Boss, I jist was going to call for—youse—she jist was plodding along de side walk and stepped on a banana peeling which slipped from under her and carried both feet with it, she fell and struck her head against the curbing and she ain't got up yet."

Next morning the morning papers had big headlines describing the accident that occurred to Mrs. Cameron, because after they had placed her in the hospital she was identified by one of her friends.

The deed was covered up; old Bill Davis stood behind his bar gloating over the fact that he had ability, not only to cause crime, but to cover up crime, which he said was necessary for any saloon keeper to have if they expected to do business successfully in a large city like Fort Worth.

Next morning when Mrs. Cameron awoke from her state of stupidity, she found Lucile by her side, with pale face, weeping bitterly.

"Oh, don't weep that way, Lucile," Mrs. Cameron said, "I will not die. I will live to help you in your stupendous task of saving your brother." And here she seemed to grow weak and to collapse into a state of unconsciousness for a few moments.

"Don't talk, mother," Lucile cried. "Mother it was an awful accident that happened to you. Look here, the morning paper has it in big headlines. Listen, mother, I will read it to you." "Well, read on, Lucile and I will listen."

So she read. "An awful accident happened to Mrs. Cameron last night, as she

was walking down the street at a late hour. Her foot slipped on a banana peeling, she fell and struck her head against the curbing, which inflicted an ugly wound over her right eye. The doctors thought it was fatal but, after a close examination, they think she has a chance to recover and that with proper care she will be convalescent in a few days."

Although Mrs. Cameron was suffering very much, yet her heart leaped with joy when she saw that the crime was so completely covered up that the disgrace of her boy would not come to light, and that she would rather bear the pain and burden of the secret than to have her boy convicted and put in stripes behind the bars. So she said to herself, "I will let it go that way, for how many mothers are carrying such burdens in their hearts in order that they might save their sons from open disgrace."

So in a few days Mrs. Cameron was well enough to be conveyed to her home, where she could rest quietly and regain her strength again.

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT TO THE TABERNACLE.

Mrs. Cameron had just recovered from her long illness, which was caused by the wound she had received on her head. She was sitting in the parlor with Lucile close by her side; they were talking over the experience they had had in the two months that had passed.

The door bell rang and by the time Lucile reached the door a newsboy open the screen and dropped a card and paper, and in a few minutes was running down the streets crying "Extra! Extra! All about the indictment of J. Frank Norris for burning his church.

Lucile picked up the card, and her face somewhat glowed with delight when she read it.

"HEAR
J. FRANK NORRIS
AT THE BIG TABERNACLE TONIGHT.

Subject:

The powers that are crushing the poor and how to get rid of them."

"Oh, mother, we must go tonight," Lucile said. "I am so anxious to hear the man we have read so much about and whose name has been discussed so freely both by the poor and rich. Some curse him, others praise him; and all the liquor men and their supporters, and some happen to be preachers, denounce him as the biggest criminal out of jail; some say he burned his own house and church, but I do not believe it. I think it is jealousy among some that make them talk this way and fear among others."

"Well, there is one thing about it, Lucile," Mrs. Cameron said, "they all concede that he is a friend to the poor and is leading a force against the liquor traffic that will ultimately drive it from the state, and I

think all good people ought to give him their hearty support."

"So if you will help me get my frock ready we will attend the services tonight and help this noble man with our presence."

At 7:30, Lucile and Mrs. Cameron had found their way up to the big tabernacle and were led up the aisle by the usher, who was very sedate and considerate of them and with great care selected a comfortable seat for them near the speaker.

In a few minutes the large tabernacle, which would accommodate about three thousand people, was filled to overflowing, and some were almost fighting for standing room.

Extra trains were running in from neighboring towns and cities, bringing hundreds of men and women who were anxious to hear this great preacher.

Everyone sat almost breathless as the first evening hymn had died away on the air. Some one was approaching the speakers stand. In a moment the tabernacle

was roaring in cheers for Dr. Norris. Dr. Norris greeted the congregation with a polite bow and with a wave of his hand there was perfect silence among the great multitude, and it seemed that every face was bending forward to catch the first words that would fall from his lips.

Dr. Norris was a young man about thirty-six years old, about six feet high, somewhat slender in his make-up; he had a shrill voice that would stir his congregation from the smallest to the greatest, but the most attractive feature about him was his keen eyes. He had eyes like an eagle which were always on the alert to catch the slightest move of his listeners.

He began that night by saying that "there were two classes of people in the world, the masses and the asses, or the oppressed and the oppressors, and I think it is time for us to throw off the yoke of the oppressors." And here the applauses were so numerous that the speaker was compelled to stop for a few moments. "Yes, yes,"

rang out from hundreds of voices, "and we need a man like you to lead us in this campaign." And the speaker continued.

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles, freeman and slave, patrician and plebian, Lord and serf, guild master and journeyman—in a word oppressor and oppressed stood in constant opposition with one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open, fight. A fight that each time ended either in a revolutionary reconstruction of society at large or in common ruin of the contending classes."

"In the early epochs of history you find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society in various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank."

"In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebians, slaves, in the middle ages, feudel lords, vassals, guild masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs, and almost all of these classes again sub-ordinate graduations. The modern bourgeois society that

has sprouted from the feudel society has not done away with class antagonism."

"It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones, and the only hope for the nation to extricate itself from the sad condition in which so many have fallen, is that the common people should be educated to higher ideals, and by leading others to see these ideals will be able to raise them from the squalidness into which they have fallen to a higher plane of living. Give the people a chance and they will show you what they can do." Here great applause.

The speaker continues, "I will take up now the second part of my discussion."

"Who are the oppressed and the oppressors in the liquor business?"

"Now, I think we can see at once without studying the question very closely who are the oppressed. The children and wives of drunkards and some of the best mothers in this land and some of our noble fathers, are being oppressed beyond human endurance by

the influence of the liquor traffic. There are thousands of voices of little children that are coming up from our cities daily, crying for bread because of the oppression that is brought upon them through their fathers by the demon drink. There are enough groans going up to Heaven from the hearts of fathers and mothers whose sons and daughters have brought reproach upon them through the influence of liquor to almost bring the stars down to earth to sympathize with them."

"But, if there are such here tonight under the sound of my voice, let me say to you, take courage—lift up your heads, for you will soon be delivered from your oppressors."

"The birds are already beginning to sing for the morning light—the dawn of a new day is upon us—the light is coming from the east that will soon light the whole world and then we will be free from the oppression of the demon drink and its supporters."

At this point Lucile leaned over to her mother and whispered in her ear, "Mother,

he is a prophet, he is living many years ahead of his generation. I think his speech is an utopia of the coming centuries."

"Well, Lucile," Mrs. Cameron replied, "it would be glorious if it would come in our day. I think his reference to the light in the East is that he has confidence that the same spirit that caused Tennessee to go dry will give the temperance wave such an impetuous that it will pass over this whole country of ours."

Now, at this juncture Dr. Norris paused a moment, and then continued his discourse. "The oppressors," the speaker said, "we will sum up in one class, the bar tender, the owner of the saloon, the man who backs up the saloon business with his vote, the brewers, the State that grants license, and the preachers and churches that retain people in their membership that support the liquor traffic without denouncing them. I think one is just as guilty as the other."

"Paul, the great writer said he was guilty of the blood of Stephen because he stood by

and gave his consent to his death, so my friends, if we stand by and let the devil carry on the liquor business in this state we will be guilty of the blood of thousands that strong drink will carry to an untimely grave."

"The demons of the underworld are forging the chains and snackles to carry our young men into hopeless servitude through the demon drink. And if we would free them and be free ourselves we must strike the blow. Oh, for brave men and women to help me in this great conflict. I wonder if I can count on this great congregation to help me?" And as the speaker paused for a moment a thousand voices shouted, "You can count on me, I will die by your side." Others shouted, "Down with the demon drink and all those who support it."

And when the congregation had settled down, Dr. Norris called an old man to the platform, turning to his congregation again he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, I want to introduce to you, Captain Hollin, who will

give testimony to what I have said." As Dr. Norris took his seat and the tabernacle rang again with applause, Captain Hollin raised his trembling voice and began to speak.

"I am now seventy-five years old. I have been living in this county all my life. I have been a hard drinker for sixty years. I tried to quit liquor but I had no one to help me. I could not. I heard so much talk of Dr. Norris I thought I would come to hear him. I came, and I am here tonight to testify to the results of that visit."

"As Dr. Norris spoke that night I saw myself, an old man, white headed as you see, with a quivering form, going down to a drunkard's grave, and dragging with me my children and grand children. The scene was so appalling and my burden became so great that I turned to one who could lift the burden and change my course. I heeded the message and a new light came into my soul, and now tonight I am looking across the river to my last resting place that is pre-

pared for all that will live a clean life in the present world."

At this point the old man's voice failed and he sat down with the sympathy of all present. In fact, the whole congregation was moved to tears and the preacher arose and with a few additional remarks, dismissed the waiting multitude.

"This was a glorious hour," said Mrs. Cameron to Lucile as they walked from the tabernacle to their home.

"Yes," said Lucile, "I wish that all the young men of the city could hear this message. Oh, I would have given the world if Willie had been there tonight and heard those statements of that old man. I think it would have helped him to be a better boy."

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIE CAMERON'S FIRST WEEK IN A FOREIGN CITY.

Willie Cameron, after about three weeks of hard travel, sometimes on foot, other times on freight trains, sometimes without food, other times very hungry, made his way to Nashville, Tennessee, and now was sitting in a labor bureau of street employment waiting for an opportunity to ask for a job of work. There he sat, without a penny, pallored face with a heavy heart. His mind went back to his home and the thought of mother came to his heart with such teriffic force that he almost exclaimed aloud, "Oh, I would give this world to know whether or not she is living. Oh, how wretched I have been. Rum has caused it all."

"It will rob you of your manhood, make you kill your best friend and will bring you down to the pits of destruction and at last

cast your soul into the devil's hell. I would quit it if I had the manhood to do so, but now I am ruined, I guess I'll stay with it to drown my troubles."

The clerk of the labor bureau cried out, "Bill Cameron is next." So he lifted himself slowly and made his way to the desk.

"Well, Bill," said the clerk, "I will give you a job on the streets. You can help dig gutters, etc., which is not a very desirable job to have but that is the best I can do for you at present."

"Well, have you nothing better than that for me," asked Willie. Willie had mobilized all his powers to argue the question with the clerk to see if he could not prevail upon him to give him a better position.

The clerk turned and as his eyes caught Willie Cameron's haggard face said, "young man, you can either take that or leave it alone, it is all I have for you and there are other men waiting to get this job and will thank me very much for it."

So, Bill Cameron began to study his con-

dition. He had no money, no place to stay, had nothing to eat. He said to himself, "I must do something or else starve." So he looked up to the clerk and said, "Well, I'll do the best I can. I thank you very much for the job."

So Bill left the office and turned his face and his steps towards the work that was assigned him. But as he went he muttered to himself, "My case is so much like the Prodigal son, I am going out to feed swine, and it seems to me that the devil would have every one of us feeding swine if he could do so. Oh, if I had the courage of that young man I would return to my father's house, but then I have no father to receive me, but mother would if she was living."

"Oh, I wish I knew—If I have no mother to forgive me and receive me, I wonder if sister would not do so. I do not think she would because I have committed such a great crime. It seems that I am left alone in the world to fight my own battles and bear my own burdens."

"Once I had a home and a loving mother and a sweet sister but the awful drink habit has robbed me of all that is dear to me and I have become its servant."

By this time Bill had reached the place where he would work. The foreman gave him a pick and shovel and started him to work at the task which was assigned him.

It was a long day for Bill and when night came he was directed to a little hovel which he was to use for his room. It was a mere shack with a dirt floor, two small beds with an old goods box to hold them up, a few old tin cans scattered here and there over the ground left by the last occupants, and a little smutty lamp that sat on a goods box that was used as a table.

As Willie Cameron closed the door behind him he muttered to himself, "This is so dreadful; so horrible to one that has been accustomed to good beds all his life and the kind hand of mother to prepare everything necessary to make one happy, but I guess it is the best I can do."

"I wish old Bill Davis had to sleep one night in such a place as this. He would never sell any more liquor to anyone, and especially to young men. But I suppose those that feed swine must live in their dens."

Several weeks had passed and the end of each week Willie Cameron would draw his pay and would drink it up by Sunday night to drown his sorrows.

So one day as he was working close by the sidewalk a young man with pale and emaciated face, stood looking at him as he was whiling away the time by striking his pick on the edge of the curb, his attention was attracted by the young man standing near his side. The young man took a step forward, saying, as he approached Bill Cameron, "Say, Bill, is that really you?" "Yes, that's my name. Oh, I know you—you are Tommy Sharp." By that time Bill had stepped up close to him and extended his hand. "I am so glad to see you, old fellow. I will be glad to have you come to my den

tonight as I want to talk to you. I have so many things to ask you about the people at home."

"I will gladly do so, Bill," Tommy replied, "as I have not a cent of money and no where to stay."

At eight o'clock there was a knock at Bill Cameron's door, which was answered on the inside with a demand as to who was it that desired to enter. The reply came, "This is Tommy Sharp, your friend."

"Oh, come in," Willie replied, as the door of the hut was pulled open and Tommy Sharp stepped in. Bill offered him his stool on which he was sitting and immediately took his seat by his side on the ground. "I am so glad to see you—so glad to see you" Bill he repeated. "So glad to welcome you to my den. It is a little rough but it is a little better than sleeping in box cars or on the floor." "Yes," said Tommy, "for I am as sore as if I had had a real beating from my ride from Fort Worth here in box cars and riding the rods, and sleeping sometimes

across railroad ties. I know this is somewhat a wretched place but I feel at home since I have found my old chum."

"Tell me quickly about my people," Willie said.

Now, Willie sat almost breathless to either hear news that would send his soul to torment or news that might lead him home some day.

"Well," Tommy began, "your mother and sister are well." At that moment Willie jumped to his feet. "Oh, is it possible that mother is alive. Oh, I am so happy, Tommy, to hear that good news. I feel now that I could live in this den all my life if it would atone for the deed that I committed that caused my poor mother so much pain."

"But, listen, Bill, they say she has an awful scar where she fell that night out looking for you. The physician had a very difficult task to pull your mother through, but by having a strong constitution and the inspiration of your sister, and the unseen hand that guides all things for the good of

humanity, he was enabled at last to bring your mother as it seemed from death to life."

"Now, Tommy, I must tell you the secret of my heart. I cannot carry it any longer in my heart, it is eating my soul out. These hands of mine struck the blow and made the ugly scar on my mother's brow." At this point Willie bagan to weep aloud and halted a few moments, but continued his conversation. "Yes, mother came after me down town and she found me in old Bill Davis' saloon; I was drunk, and when mother put her hand on my shoulder some of the wretches cried out 'look out Bill, for that old hag.' I had a beer bottle in my hand and I wheeled around and struck mother before I saw her face. The shock sobered me up and to my horrow I found that I had almost murdered my mother."

"And old Bill Davis fixed up that story you say you read in the papers to cover up the crime and to save his business. He said if I did not leave town at once he would kill

me and throw us both in the river, so that is why I am here. Oh, I am so happy to have this glad intelligence from home."

"Now, Tommy, tell me about yourself. Why are you here?"

"Well, you know we had many sprees together before you left town, and I thought I could quit drinking any time I desired to but when Lucile found out I was drinking she made me promise to quit it. I made the promise but was like the little fly caught in the spider's web, when I tried to get my feet out of old Bill Davis' saloon web, I became more entangled in its meshes. The crisis came when she turned her back on me."

So, the only consolation I had was when I drowned my troubles in the wine glass. But this did not last very long because there is no constant rest for the mind that is being tortured by one committing suicide by drink. So on one Saturday night old Bill got me into his saloon and made me drunk. And at his suggestion, of course he did not force me to do it, I forged my father's name

to a hundred dollar check and you might guess the rest."

"But, Bill, it is true that the demon drink will rob you of all your will power, and your honesty, and make you a villain and an infernal liar. I am glad that we have a president who is for prohibition and some day the net of the saloon man will be destroyed and all of their victims will go free."

"Say, Bill, do you think I can get a job with you? I know this is hard work, but I must do something to live."

"Well, I will see in the morning what I can do for you, so you can have that nice feather bed over there," as he pointed to the hay on a few boards on which the bed was resting.

"All right, Willie, beggars are not choosers."

So next morning Tommy was given a job with Bill Cameron working on the street. And Tommy took hold of the work with zeal and zest as though he was getting five dollars a day and sitting up in a nice office in some

good business. So they worked together and drank together, and continued their habitat in the hut which they afterwards named their "Hotel."

Every now and then Willie's mind would go back to his old home and mother. "I wonder if mother would forgive me, but if she would I could not face that scar on her brow. It is so bad it makes me shudder even to think about it." Sometimes he would cry out in his sleep, "Oh, mother, I did not go to do it, I did not know that was you. Oh, if you would only forgive me I think I would be willing to do anything you demanded of me."

Bill and Tom, as they were called now, still continued to drink and at the end of each week when they would draw their pay on Saturday night, they would go out to paint the town red, as they expressed it. So one Saturday night, returning so intoxicated that they could scarcely find their way to their hut, Tommy said to Bill, "Have you got the key? If you have, come and open

the door." Bill came and fumbled all over the door and could not find the key hole, and Bill said, "Tom, I can't find the key hole, somebody must have stolen it." At last they got through the door and immediately retired. Each thinking that he had gotten in his own bed but in fact they had both gotten in the same bed. In a moment Bill whispered to Tommy that someone was in bed with him. Tommy made the same reply to Bill that he thought someone was in bed with him. So Bill suggested that he kick him out. It resulted in one falling on one side of the bed and the other on the other side, so when morning came Bill looked across under the bed and saw Tom on the other side and broke the silence with a hearty laugh, and said, "Is it possible that we have played the fool last night being robbed of our reason by the wine glass, that we kicked each other out of bed and had to sleep on the floor?" Bill said, "Tom, if we ever get out of this place of disgrace and shame I think I will be the first to tell the joke."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAMERONS SHIFTING FOR THEMSELVES.

A few months after Willie Cameron left home, Mrs. Cameron and Lucile settled down to earn their own living, in fact the money that Mr. Cameron had left them at his death was almost exhausted, as they had to make some necessary improvements on their home and it took more than they had figured on in the beginning of the repairs.

"Well, mother," said Lucile, "I will go out tomorrow and see if I can get a position in some store or shop. We must do something to keep up expenses, for if we keep up our good name we must be able to meet all of our obligations."

"My child," said Mrs. Cameron, "I think it is impossible for you to grapple with these city problems, you are not used to hard work anyway, and I don't think you could stand

to work the long hours that the business men are demanding of their working girls. And they say if you do not stand in with the foreman you will not be able to hold your position very long, and you know what that means. Daughter, you must hold your character inviolate. If we are compelled to go in our rags and live on bread and water. I know that all you have done in the past seems to be decorous but it pays to be always on the alert."

"Well, mother, I think you are right in this matter. I want to have a clean character and a clear conscience when I come to die. I know there is a saying prevalent in the city that a working girl is a plaything in the hands of her employer, but I think that depends largely on the status of the home from which the girl comes. You can see the incongruity of this argument if you study the question closely as I have. Because I have been thinking of taking this step for some weeks, that is I intend to get a position in some store or shop. It is a

consensus of opinion of all good men that it is not a disgrace to labor and earn your living by the sweat of your brow and I am willing to try my hand at anything I can do in order to save our good name and supply the things we need for our home."

Mrs. Cameron uttered a groan as though she was fighting a great battle in her own soul, finally she turned to Lucile and said, "It grieves me to see you go into servitude to some men who have no principles, for you know that is what it means to be a working girl. However, I will give my consent if you will promise me to get a good place to work, and when you become exhausted, either resign your position or come home to rest."

"The bargain is made," said Lucile. "I will start out early in the morning to see if I can find a position."

Next morning Mrs. Cameron looked on with imperturbable interest while her daughter was making preparations to enter the work-shops of the city. Thinking that her

daughter looked too beautiful and pure to go into servile labor.

She was waiting the finality of the preparation to raise her voice in protest against her daughter going out, even after she had given her permission. But she thought we must have bread and Lucile is our only chance to earn a livelihood so I will be compelled to give my consent for a while anyway.

So, Mrs. Cameron, reluctantly yielded and bade Lucile good bye and wished her much success in her first venture as a working girl.

It was apparent that Lucile had the courage about her to make a good sales girl, for she had no patience with anything that was stolid, her beneficient way with which she went about anything would always draw people to her. She had proven herself adequate to all occasions; she was winsome and lovable. The only drawback she had was a false report that was published about her robbing a drunken man.

So, as Lucile walked down the street she said to herself, "I wonder if all the business men read the false reports that the papers published on me, and if they did I wonder if they have kept such a story in mind that when I present myself to them for work that they will connect my name with that report." At this time a dark cloud began to hover above Lucile's head, when she thought how this report might keep her from getting the desired position. "But I will brace up," she said, "and face the world with a smile, the sun will shine for us some day."

Now, Lucile was just in front of a big dry goods store. She stopped a moment to look at the big sign board that was hanging over the street, and she read aloud, "Burton's Dry Goods Company." "So I will try here first and see what I can do. I have heard so much talk of this great store. It will be such an honor to have a position here to start my career as a saleswoman."

And the moment she stepped in the door she met the floor walker, and before he

could speak to her, she addressed him directly. "I would like to see Mr. Burton," she said, with a trembling voice, indicating her embarrassment.

"Well, you will find him up stairs on the third floor in his office," the floor walker replied, "but I would not advise you to go up unless you have urgent business, for he is very busy today."

"Oh," said Lucile, "I must see him now. My business is very urgent, and I must see him in person."

"Well," said the man standing just in front of her at this time, because the conversation continued between the two, the floorwalker drew closer to her seemingly to manifest some interest in her request.

"Well, if you must see him I will take you up to the office at once."

"Thank you, very much," said Lucile.

In a few moments they were standing before Mr. Burton.

"Mr. Burton, this is Miss Lucile Cameron," the clerk drolled out, "she wants to

see you on very urgent business." Mr. Burton turned to Lucile and said, "Have a seat Miss Cameron, I will see you in a moment."

Now, Mr. Burton was pre-eminently a phrenologist, for he had made his fortune by being able to detect the make-up of a person's mind and character at a glance.

"Well, Miss Cameron, I know your story before you begin to tell it—you would like to have a position in my store, I presume."

"Yes," Lucile replied, "I would like very much to work for you. I will do everything that is legitimate and right to make your business prosper, and prove to you my worthiness for the position. I will be glad to have a chance anyway to show you what I can do."

"Your name is Lucile Cameron," Mr. Burton asked, "and you live on H Avenue?" "Yes," Lucile retorted. "I think I have heard of you before," replied Mr. Burton, "I believe they had your name connected with a robbery on Tenth and Main. There are so many antipodes in this city it is hard to

tell when you do get a good workman."

"Now, Miss Cameron, I will say for your benefit that I do not believe a word of it, but as I have a big business I cannot afford to hire a girl that the public holds as a thief. Now, as my time is precious I will be compelled to dismiss you for this time, but before you go, I want to say something to you that will save you from further trouble and embarrassment. Your name was brought before the meeting of the business men's league of this city last night and we all decided that if you should apply for work that we could not afford to employ you for the above named reason, but as your father was a good honest man, and for his sake we would give you and your mother an allowance each month, hoping after while you would be able to support yourself."

Here Lucile became indignant and said, "Now, Mr. Burton, I want to say that not one cent of your money or anyone else's money will be accepted as a gift as long as these hands of mine can work. We are able

to make our own living and will do it without any of your bunch's help. I would count it a disgrace to receive a cent from anyone that was not earned by legitimate toil. So I'll bid you good-bye." And Lucile immediately left the room.

"Oh, how hard it is to be looked upon as a thief and an object of charity. I long for the time in which I can vindicate myself from this awful disgrace that is resting upon me. I think he had some ulterior motive in trying to give us money to help us, I think I will follow the suggestion I saw in the paper the other day. It said not to receive a gift from a male friend, because a gift will put you under obligations to him."

"Well, I will not give up," said Lucile, "I have one more chance. My father had an old friend in business on Thirteenth street, I will go down and see him and see if he can do something for me."

Just as Lucile entered the store of "Uncle Jim Gordon" as he was called by all of his friends, he met her with an outstretched

hand and greeted her with a smile on his face. "Why, good morning, Lucile, so glad to see you today. I was just thinking of phoning to you. My office girl has just resigned and I need someone to look after my office."

"It is so kind of you, Uncle Jim, to think of me, and I will gladly accept your position and do all I can to help promote your business."

"Well," said Mr. Gordon, "the bargain is made. Pull off your hat and 'phone your mother that you will not be in until evening, because it is my custom whenever I hire a new clerk to take her out to dinner so we can discuss matters pertaining to the store and lay our plans for the progress of the work."

When Lucile returned home that night her mother was delighted to know that her daughter had secured such a fine place to work for such a good man. "Why, I would like to work for Uncle Jim myself," said Mrs. Cameron. "I know that your father's

old friend will show us a great deal of kindness for your father's sake."

The newly hired clerk in Mr. Gordon's store began to push the work as if it belonged to her. She would plan every legitimate way to increase the business and to draw customers. She would stay up some nights until nearly midnight arranging the show windows in order to present a fresh view to the streets in the early morning.

But it was soon discovered that Lucile had overworked herself. She became very pale and thin, and when she consulted the family physician she was told that she could not stand the confinement any longer; that it was necessary for her to get out into the open air at once.

So she went home that evening with a sad heart. She loved her work but she would be compelled to give it up for the present and would try to earn their bread by some other means.

"Mother, I have some sad news for you tonight. I have consulted our physician to-

day and he said I would be compelled to resign my position and go to the open air immediately if I expected to preserve my health or at least save my life."

"Well," said Mrs. Cameron, "I am not surprised at that Lucile. I have been noticing for several weeks that your health was waning every day, but I was afraid to say anything to you about it. So, I think you need a vacation and it will be best to take it at once."

"Oh, yes, Lucile, I forgot to tell you, I got a letter from your uncle Thomas Cameron and he is asking us to spend the fall with him in Southwest Louisiana."

"Oh, I'll be so glad to go mother," Lucile exclaimed. "He lives about six miles from Crowley, Louisiana, I believe you said, mother." "Yes," Mrs. Cameron replied. "I have heard so much about those beautiful fields of golden grain I long to see them."

"Oh, I wish we could go tomorrow, mother. I believe it would be a great tonic for me."

"I think," Mrs. Cameron continued, "we can leave by next Tuesday on the 7:30 train and get to Crowley the same day at 10 p. m. And we will stop over at the Elma House for the night. They say that place is noted for its good meals. They have fine hotels in the town, but a great many drummers and railroad men stop here because they say they get their money's worth. We will send a card today to your uncle to meet us there Wednesday morning promptly at 7:30 and we will have a delightful trip through the country to his beautiful home."

In due time Lucile and Mrs. Cameron arrived at the Elma House, in Crowley, La., and spent the night there, and early in the morning Mr. Cameron, Lucile's uncle, called for them.

After a short greeting, Mr. Cameron put them into his big auto and started for his home.

The road passed through some beautiful wooded country and over some rippling streams.

The forest had put on a beautiful golden hue, indicating that the first frost had fallen. A light west wind had set in blowing leaves here and there. The first cane thrusher was heard singing in the tree tops. The squirrels were jumping from branch to branch, seemingly just to show their activity. A crow was cawing from the tall pines calling his mate to him. A woodpecker was beating a tatoo on an old oak nearby, fixing a place to store away his winter food. Acorns and nuts were falling at short intervals, reminding the harvesters of the woods that the harvest was at hand.

A gang of Hiawatha's chickens were flying from tree to tree filling the woods with their chatter and songs.

"Oh, how beautiful, mother," Lucile cried, "see the beautiful woods. Hear the birds singing. It is so sublime to be so close to nature and the Creator. The air is so wholesome out here in the country that it makes one feel like they could stay here always. One does not have to be versed in

classic lore to understand the beauties of nature. Mother, don't you think the country people are very happy out here?"

"Well, I don't know, Lucile, a bird in the tree does not enjoy his freedom like the poor bird in the cage. Let the caged bird out and he will see many beautiful things that the others cannot see. So it is with these country people, they do not enjoy freedom like we do, or see the beauties of the country as we see them, because they have never had the experience of the cage, although I think any fastidious person would be pleased with this beautiful scenery."

By this time they had passed through the woodland and come to the open rice fields.

The rice was just ready for the sickle and there lay before their eyes hundreds of acres of the beautiful grain.

"Oh, how exquisite," Lucile exclaimed. "We have heard so much about the fields of golden grain, but this is our first opportunity to see them. They say that this crop is of intrinsic value. How glorious the harvest

time is out here in the country. Mother, I feel now that I will get well. This country is such an inspiration to heart sore and downcast people from the city. No one could behold these beautiful scenes and not want to live to be a better man or woman, or have a desire to be more useful to mankind."

Reapers and binders were running here and there. Little mountains of straw were rising at nearly every farm house indicating that the rice was being prepared for the market. The songs of the reapers were heard from farm to farm, all seemed to be happy over their task.

The mowing machines were cutting down the beautiful alfalfa hay. The air was saturated with the sweet odors of the new cut hay that was being carried to the barns for winter use.

"Well," said Lucile, to her uncle, "I thought we would be lonesome out here in the country, but, my, everything is in a buzz, and when I am rested, uncle, I want to see all of those machines at close range. I think

it will be such fun for me to help drive those large horses that are pulling those big machines."

"You will have the opportunity, Lucile," said her uncle, "you will have a horse at your command and you can go and come when you please."

Now they arrived at Mr. Cameron's home, which was a large farm house, neatly built, with some large live oaks standing all around it, acting as it were, sentinels to protect it from the storms.

As Mrs. Cameron was a graduate in Domestic Science everything was arranged very neatly.

So Mrs. Cameron and Lucile continued their visit for two or three months, Lucile enjoying her horseback rides daily and they brought health and vigor to her slender form again, and she was happy all the time, only when her mind would go back to their troubles at home. But now the visit was over and Lucile and Mrs. Cameron returned back to the city to take up their work with new vigor and new hope for the future.

CHAPTER IX.

SCENES AT THE CAMERON HOME.

It was a beautiful summer evening, the sun was sinking in the golden west; the last shadows were playing hide and seek upon the porch where Lucile and Mrs. Cameron were sitting. They seemed very lonely because no one had visited them since Willie had fallen and the sad story that Lucile Cameron had been found robbing a drunken man on the streets of Fort Worth.

A tall, slender white haired man came walking slowly up to the porch where Mrs. Cameron and Lucile were sitting.

"Well, Judge Sharp," exclaimed Lucile, "we are so glad to have you come to sit a while with us on this beautiful evening." By this time Lucile had taken his cane and hat and handed him a chair.

As Judge Sharp took his seat, he began

to speak with his conversation directed to Mrs. Cameron. "I owe you an apology for not coming sooner to see you, but my trouble has been so great that I did not have time to call on any friends."

"But since Tommy went away my heart has been very heavy. You know I am not lackadaisical in my speeches, but today my heart is very tender when I think of our two boys away from home—we know not where."

"Like burdens will drive people together and if I can be more sedate I want to pour out my heart to you in sympathy for I know by experience what you are suffering now."

"Am I my brother's keeper comes to me with greater force than ever. Oh, it seems if I had helped you and your boy in the very incipiency of your trouble perhaps I would have saved my own boy. Oh, if I could have understood your message that morning, Lucile, I think things would have been different with me and my home."

"Oh, my boy, my boy," Judge Sharp groaned as he buried his face in his hands.

"I would give almost anything to know where you are tonight. If I had the vampire that is sucking your life blood out I would destroy it if I had to burn my house down to do it. If I was granted a reprieve I think I would live a better life before you."

"Now, Lucile," said Judge Sharp, "I owe you an apology for the statement I made to you a few days ago in my office, that if you let liquor alone it would let you alone. It is the biggest lie that the devil can put on anyone's lip. In a great measure I let liquor alone, but it came into my home and tore from my heart and bosom my dear boy."

"Oh, it is so hard," interrupted Mrs. Cameron, "to be robbed of our boys in that way. Now, it seems to me, with such experience as you have now Judge Sharp, that you would be willing to lead a campaign to eliminate the liquor traffic from this State of ours."

"Say, Judge Sharp," Lucile broke into the conversation, "did you see in the paper today where Mr. Bryan, the great commoner, had

declared himself for the suffragettes. Isn't that great. I think it will not be long before all good men will be in favor of woman's suffrage. I do not think that any man should want privileges that are not granted to his wife and daughters."

At this time the newsboy handed Mrs. Cameron the evening paper. And her eyes fell on the big headlines on the first page. "Two young men ran over and killed by the fast train out of Nashville.—No clue to their identity except one had a Fort Worth paper in his pocket and the other had a card addressed to Bill and signed Tom."

Mrs. Cameron fell back in her chair exclaiming, "Oh, my poor boy, he is killed."

Judge Sharp snatched the paper from her hand with a trembling voice he began to read, but before he had read many lines his voice faltered and his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, is it possible," he exclaimed, "that these are our boys who were killed?" By this time all were sobbing aloud.

When Effie Sharp had heard the commo-

tion at the Cameron home she flung open the gate and ran crying, "What is it, father—what is it?" Judge Sharp handed her the paper and she began to read, but in a few moments she threw it aside and threw her arms around Lucile's neck and began to weep.

"Oh, what shall we do—the boys we love are gone. Life is ended for us. Oh, why did we not keep Willie and Tommy at home; it seems to me that we are just as guilty as Cain who slew his brother, and if we were asked tonight, 'Where is thy brother?' we would be compelled to answer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The very time they needed a helping hand we turned our backs on them."

"Yes," said Lucile, "I thought I and Tommy and you and Willie would some day be settled down in a cosy cottage, as we used to plan."

"Oh, how dreary this world is now," said Lucile, as tears began to stream down her cheeks, indicating deep sorrow of the heart.

"Come, now children," said Judge Sharp, "we will be compelled to brace up for the ordeal which we are called on to endure."

Judge Sharp had forgotten about the disgrace he thought had come upon the Cameron home and their troubles seemed to have made them as one family.

"We will have their bodies shipped home for a decent burial."

So it was announced in the morning papers that the funeral of Willie Cameron and Tommy Sharp would take place on the arrival of the evening train. This was made possible by the rapidity with which Judge Sharp had made preparations at Nashville for the preparation and shipment of the bodies of the two boys who they thought were Thomas Sharp and Willie Cameron.

At 4:30, on the arrival of the train, a large crowd of townsmen had gathered around the depot to receive the bodies, as they thought, of their old time friends, and follow them to their last resting place.

Their bodies were so mangled that no

one was permitted to see them, so they quietly went to the cemetery, and after a short funeral service, they were consigned to their last resting place.

The chief mourners among the multitude were Effie Sharp and Lucile Cameron, they would not be comforted. They returned to their homes, as they thought, to grieve their lives away.

Gloom rested not only on those two homes but upon the whole town because all the good citizens of the town thought that the demon drink had been the cause of the downfall of these two young men, and ultimately of their death.

After the funeral of Thomas Sharp and Willie Cameron, Effie Sharp and Lucile Cameron had formed a new companionship and could be seen each morning going hand in hand towards the cemetery with fresh flowers to place on the graves, as they thought of their former lovers. They gathered from the best gardens possible, the sweetest flowers and most attractive and planted flowers on the mounds and cared for them with their own hands. This they agreed to do as long as they would live.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONVERSION OF WILLIE CAMERON AND TOMMY SHARP.

"Look here, Bill" said Thomas Sharp, as Bill Cameron walked into the hut that evening after the thought to be Cameron and Sharp funeral, "they had our funeral yesterday at home—see what the papers say about it."

Thomas Sharp handed Willie the paper and he slowly read every word.

"Well," said Bill, "that beats anything I have ever heard—burying two fellows in Fort Worth when they are here in Nashville very much alive."

"I think," said Tommy, "this is very true in a sense—that we have been buried so far as our lives are concerned to the best interests of our home and country—buried from all that is good and holy, and tonight we walk in the sepulchres where there isn't

anything but the stench of corruption and sin."

"Oh, I wonder if there is any hope for outcasts like us."

"It is so sad, Willie, to make our loved ones at home suffer like this. I think I could go home if it was not for meeting mother with that awful scar on her brow; it haunts me day by day, and sometimes I think I will end this miserable existence of mine with my own hands and get rid of these burdens. Oh, how true the Holy Book puts it, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' "

"Say Tommy," said Bill, "they are having a revival in the city. I passed along the street last night and stopped for a few minutes, and heard the preacher call for personal workers, and several young men and young women stood up and promised their hearty support, even to go out in the streets after the loss, and there was one who stood there that looked so much like your sister Effie that I thought of home and our loved

ones. I said to myself if that young lady would come to the hut and invite us to the meeting I would go if I had to crawl on my hands and knees."

"Oh," said Tommy, "you need not bother yourself about that, she will not come here to look for outcasts like we are."

At that instance someone knocked at the door. Willie thinking it was one of their chums, he stepped to the door to let him in, but to his surprise there stood the young lady he saw at the meeting the night before. She extended her hand with a smile on ner face, in such a familiar way, said, "My name is Mabel Wise. I came down to invite you to our meeting. We would be glad to have you. We have such a fine speaker. I know you would like to hear him and enjoy his messages."

"Yes, yes, ma'am," stammered Willie Cameron. "We will go, Miss Wise."

And as she turned to go, she heard Tommy Sharp say, "Well, Bill, I did not think you could be caught so easily that way. I

think she has a sinister motive for coming here. Do you suppose she cares for outcasts like us?"

"Well," Bill replied, "there was something in her face that denoted the sincerity of the remark, and reflected a pure character. I think she was in dead earnest about the matter and I will do my best to carry out my promise."

Mabel Wise's heart was very heavy just now, as she turned her steps back to the main part of the city, for she had overheard part of the conversation that took place between Willie Cameron and Tom Sharp. She said, "I wish I had not promised to do this personal work in this meeting. I have failed with my first attempt, but somehow I am glad that I went to the hut and gave those young men an invitation to the services. They are some mother's boys and they need a helping hand. I am my brother's keeper. It is just as true today as it was when it was written."

The next evening at eight o'clock, Bill

Cameron and Tom Sharp slowly made their way to the meeting house. When they came to the door they found throngs of people crowding in, seeming eager to get a place to hear the great speaker of the evening.

'Are you going in, Tom," said Bill, "how do you know that they want you in there?"

"Well," said Tom, "we have the invitation Miss Wise extended to us." So Tom pulled out a card from his pocket at that moment that read thus, "You are cordially invited to attend our meeting at Eighth and Main, seats free to all."

So Thomas Sharp seemingly became more anxious than Willie Cameron to go into the services, and insisted on Bill Cameron going with him, so they went in and sat down, just as Billy, the Evangelist, as he was so called, began to speak from the passage, "I will arise and go to my father." He told the story of the Prodigal son and every pungent word went like an arrow to the boys' hearts, conversion to their souls, and before the service was over they were both sobbing in

their seats. And when the first opportunity was given both confessed their sins.

When these two young men started up to the front, Miss Wise recognized them and her heart leaped for joy, as Bill Cameron turned to her and said, "Miss Wise, I am so glad that you came to our hut and invited us to attend this glorious service," he continued, "I have a sister at home pure and beautiful like you, and a gray haired mother whose heart will overflow with joy when she hears of the kindness you have shown us."

When Bill Cameron took his seat, that great congregation was in tears. Strong men and women were crowding down the aisle weeping and shaking hands with the two young men.

The services being dismissed, Thomas Sharp and Bill Cameron turned their faces towards their resting place.

The moon had risen in all its splendor and glory and was flooding the earth with its silvery light. The elements were powdered with the beautiful stars. "How beautiful

the night," said Tommy, "I wonder if the moon is shining like this on our old home? I fancy that I see Lucile and Effie sitting in the moonlight, gazing upon the same object that we now behold, and no doubt wondering about their long lost lovers."

"I am so happy tonight," Willie Cameron said. "I feel just like when I used to sit at mother's knee and hear the old story of the Cross. The Holy Writ has stated a great truth 'train up a child the way you would have him go, when he becomes old he will not depart therefrom." Now some have tried to argue that this is not true but it does not say the young will always remain as taught by their mother, but it does say when he becomes old he will return, or in other words more mature in years, he will return."

Thomas Sharp had the same expression of delight and satisfaction on his face, and addressing his companion, "You know, Bill, ever since Tennessee went dry and they closed the saloons here, and when we could not get our Saturday night whiskey, as we

thought to drown our cares, I have had a few sober weeks, and in that time I have had time to think about my condition and the inevitable that every drunkard is dealing with, namely, a disgraceful death, and I have quite decided that I would put forth a new effort to live a better life, even before this night's service."

"I am so glad they voted whiskey out of this great State." "Yes," answered Bill Cameron, "I think the only way to save our young men and old men who are addicted to the drink habit is to vote the liquor traffic out of the United States. Strong drink is a great menace to the country and I think we can get enough good men who love their country and their homes, who will cast their ballot that will eliminate this awful curse from our country."

"No one can see the appalling enormity unless they go through, as it were, the pits of hell for several months, like we have experienced, or unless his life and character is formed by a noble standard, drawn from

the Holy Writ, directed by the loving hand of father and mother, and taught to look upon sin as it exists in the world."

Willie Cameron and Tommy Sharp had reached the hut which they had made their home for several months, and when they had seated themselves on the goods boxes, around the flickering light, Willie exclaimed, "Oh, I am so happy tonight, even this old hut seems a better place to me, since I have a new purpose in life."

"Now," said Tommy, shall we write home tomorrow and break the glad intelligence to our loved ones that we are alive and that we have quit drink and expect to be home soon?" "No, no," Willie Cameron retorted, "let's not do that— I know a word from us would bring unspeakable joy to them, but I want to tell with my own lips my sad story to mother and kiss that awful scar and ask her forgiveness. We will try tomorrow to get a better place to work, and I think if we can clean up our person and show ourselves to be men, we will be able to get a

better job and make more money, and we will continue our habitat here until we can do better." "Agreed," said Tommy, "we will make good here in business before we return to our homes and loved ones."

Willie and Tommy were awakened early next morning by a knock on the door, who proved to be after being admitted into their hovel, Mr. Ben Thompson, the wholesale groceryman. "Good morning, boys," said Mr. Thompson. "So glad to meet you," replied Willie Cameron. "I met you at the meeting last night," Mr. Thompson continued, "and as I saw an opportunity to help two struggling young men, and as I needed two clerks in my store, I thought I would drop in this morning and see if we could not make a bargain."

"Well," replied Willie Cameron, "the bargain is already made if you can use us."

"Very well," said Mr. Thompson, "you can report at Sixth and Main at eight o'clock this morning for work."

"All right," said Tommy, and Mr. Thompson left the room.

"Say, old fellow," said Willie, "it looks like things are coming our way now. We will clean up and save our money and it will be so great to go home about Christmas with new clothes and a good purse, and see those sweet faces again. It seems too good to be true. I am almost compelled to pinch myself sometime to see if it is really I."

So Willie Cameron and Tommy Sharp went to work for Mr. Thompson at sixty-five dollars a month, with the promise if they made good he would raise their wages until he would give them a hundred dollars each.

They would work hard in the day time and study their customers at night so that they might become proficient salesmen. In this way they had almost doubled Mr. Thompson's business in one month, so the second month he raised them to the amount he had promised, one hundred dollars each. With the additional promise if his business continued to grow under their management, because he had turned his business wholly over to these young men, he would give them a

fine suit of clothes apiece for Christmas, and in addition to that a round trip ticket home, for they had explained to Mr. Thompson their plans and what they expected to do.

The two young men in Mr. Thompson's store became the leading young men, not only in the store but in the town. Many a young lady of the town would come into the store with some pretense to buy something but would take time for a few minutes talk with the handsome clerks, as they were known all over town as the most genteel and affable young men that engaged in the social functions of the city.

They did not know that in those boys' hearts there was an aching void that could not be filled, except by two beautiful young ladies who they had left at home with broken hearts.

Mr. Thompson thought so much of Willie Cameron and Tommy Sharp that he took them to his own home, which was the most attractive home in the city of Nashville, and

he treated them like his own sons, rather than his clerks. This added to their popularity and it seemed that they could have had the choice of the town for their companions, especially among the young ladies.

It was now Christmas week, and Willie Cameron and Tommy Sharp, were packing their trunks for home. Everything was ready, and the two young men were sitting together talking over the past and planning for the future. "I hope it will be all right at home when we get there. Oh it will be a joyous time with mother and sister and ————" here a blush stole over his face, "and it will be sweet to see her again." "Just think, Tommy," said Willie, "we will be at the old home again by this time tomorrow."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGALS.

It was Christmas Eve morning, and Mrs. Cameron was busy in her kitchen preparing for an elaborate Christmas dinner. Lucile had finished her morning work and was sitting in the parlor looking at some photographs."

"How handsome Tommy looked that evening when he had this picture struck. Oh, if he were here today this would be such a happy Christmas. It is so sad to live without him and brother in this world. Life is not worth living anyway. I will be glad when the end comes." Lucile was convulsed in tears. "I am glad," she said, "that in the world to come there will be no saloons to rob one of loved ones, no tears, no sadness, but all will be light and joy, and peace, when we enter into that felicity that is prepared for all the pure in heart."

"Our homes here may be a place of poverty and sadness, but the home of the redeemed will be a place of intrinsic beauty and exquisite joy, where the laborer shall rest from all his toil and all shall be at rest."

The parlor door stood half ajar; Lucile heard her mother humming an old familiar tune in which she was pouring out her soul. "Why, mother must be happy this morning; her thoughts must be beyond this world. It is the first song I have heard her sing since Willie has gone away."

Lucile arose and walked slowly to her mother's side and kindly put her hand upon her shoulders. Her mother still continued her song. "Mother, you must be happy this morning. I am so glad to see you thus on Christmas Eve morning."

"Well, somehow, I do feel very happy. I was just thinking that Willie and Tommy might be alive and come home to us yet."

"Oh, impossible, mother, we saw them buried with our own eyes, and are keeping

beautiful flowers growing on their graves. How can they come back to us? Mother it is impossible. Oh, how I wish that I could feel like David felt when his little boy died. He said 'I know I cannot bring him back but I can go to him.' "

"Oh, it is so sad to die without a ray of hope and have no one to stand for you in the great judgment."

"But, listen, Lucile, you know we never saw the faces of our boys in the caskets and there might be a mistake about the whole thing, and somehow I feel like this Christmas day will be the happiest Christmas we will ever spend together on this earth."

"Oh, mother, it is to good to be true. Our poor hearts could not stand such joy."

"Be quiet, don't cry child," her mother continued. "Have implicit trust in providence and our darkness shall be turned into day."

"I had a dream last night. I saw Willie and Tommy coming home in their rags, all bent over it seemed with age, and their

clothes covered with the muck and slime of the streets, and yet we joyously received them in our homes. And it has been my life time experience when I have such a dream; they are generally true, that is, I see the person or persons I dreamed about, but they appear just vice versa to what I saw in my dream."

"So, then, mother, if your dream is true they will return home in the very bloom and specimen of manhood, neatly dressed, and very handsome. Oh, how could that be? It would make this earth almost heaven to us; it would be the dead brought to life again. It would change all the atmosphere of our homes and renovate things until this old world would appear a new world to us."

"I see you are preparing so many nice things for Christmas dinner, I trust your vision will come true, and I will take new courage, hoping that our dream boys will come tonight or tomorrow. I will help you all I can today, not because of my faith but because of yours; because you seem to have works as well as faith."

The day passed very quietly, the night came, though it was a very dark night, yet the town was lighted with the beautiful fire works of all kinds. Old friends were meeting again. Sons and daughters were returning home to spend Christmas with their parents. The small children were dreaming of old Santa Claus; strains of music was heard from almost every home; everyone in town seemed to be happy with the exception of two homes.

Lucile and her mother spent a sleepless night, listening every moment for the foot fall of one that was so dear to their hearts. Morning came, everything was silent. Mrs. Cameron had such strong faith in her dream that she tiptoed to Willie's room to see if he had not slipped in that night. The bed was untouched and everything intact as she had arranged the previous night, so she gave a sigh, and with a pale face she turned and entered the kitchen and started preparations for the morning repast.

Just as she started to strike a match to

start the fire, someone tapped at the kitchen door, and just as Mrs. Cameron turned to answer the call, Willie Cameron jerked the door open and threw himself at his mother's feet, and began to ask forgiveness. "Oh, mother, forgive me, forgive me," Willie cried "I have been such a wretch. Oh, forgive me, say it mother, say it quick."

The mother had thrown her arms around Willie's neck and was sitting flat on the floor, bathing his face with her tears. "Oh, son, my only boy, my dear boy," she cried as she was still holding Willie close to her heart "I forgave you before you left home, and now I forgive you a thousand times over."

"But, oh, mother, that awful scar," "Hush, son," the mother exclaimed, "that is only a mark of atonement for your sins. I am so glad to receive you home again safe and sound. The Prodigal has returned and now we will kill the fatted calf."

"Yes, mother," Willie continued, "that scar on your brow haunted me ever since I left home, and Oh, if you will forgive me, how happy I will be now."

"I repeat it again Willie, I have forgiven you a hundred times." Mrs. Cameron had taken Willie's head in her lap and was petting and caressing him as a mother would a little babe.

Lucile heard the cries and sobs of her mother and she ran to the kitchen, and when she saw her mother and Willie weeping in each others arms she flung herself upon them, and with sobs and tears she almost covered Willie's face with kisses, as she cried, "Oh, my brother, my only, dear brother you did come back to us. You are our Santa Claus."

"Oh, sister, will you forgive me for all that I have done? I will still remain in the dust of humility until you speak the words of forgiveness."

"Yes, oh, yes, I forgave you many times, and often longed to see your face to tell you about it."

"Jump up, Bill," for that was his name when he was a boy, "I want to see how handsome you are." So all three stood up,

and as they walked to the parlor, Lucile on one side, Mrs. Cameron on the other, it was a beautiful picture to behold.

"How handsome you are Willie, I know somebody who doesn't live a thousand miles from here who will be glad to see you."

"Yes," said Willie, "and there is someone not a thousand miles from here who will give all this world to see you."

"Oh, Willie, did Tommy come back too?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure, he did. And he is so handsome that nearly all the girls in Nashville, poor and rich, set their caps to catch him."

"Really, what did he say to those young ladies?" "Why he just said there was someone waiting for him at home."

"Now, sit down and tell us all about yourself and Tommy and the mystery," added Lucile.

"Well, its just this way. After I left home because the demon drink had made me unfit to stay here any longer, I went to Nashville and began to work on the streets

and in a few weeks Tommy joined me in my work, and we lived in a little hut together, and one evening two tramps came to our hut and we kept them through the night for it was very cold and they had no place to stay, and when they left next morning, one poor fellow had no coat, so I just gave him mine, the one I wore when I left home; I left the the Fort Worth paper and a card from Tommy in the pockets, and I understand that those poor fellows were killed a few hours later, so that explains the mystery."

"Oh, my, I am so glad it was a mistake," said Lucile. "We have been caring for the grave of tramps. It sounds rediculous."

"Well," said Willie, "I'm glad you gave them a decent burial, because they had no one to care for them, and we will continue to care for those graves and keep beautiful flowers growing upon them in memory of those who had no one to remember them."

"But tell us about your conversion." "It was like this: Tommy and I would work on the street all the week, draw our money on

Saturday evenings, and pay our grocery bill, which was very small, and spent the rest of our wages for whiskey to drown our cares."

"And would it really do that?" said Mrs. Cameron. "Is it possible that it would take something that would bring torture to your soul, and try to extinguish one flame with another?"

"No," Willie replied. "It was only momentarily, because when we would sober up we would find ourselves weaker to stand the temptations and bear our burdens. You cannot eliminate one trouble with another, that is a propaganda of the devil. Drink cannot drown cares, only brings on more cares and sorrows."

"So, we spent our days in that manner. We swore off several times to quit liquor, but how could we? We had created an appetite for it and it was put in our sight and when we would write our good resolutions and sign them, the first scent of liquor would so overwhelm us that we would forget ourselves and plunge into sin again."

"But at last the good people of Tennessee mobilized their forces and centered their attack on the saloon business and put it out of the state."

"So, when the city became dry, that is from a liquor standpoint, and we could not get our liquor for our Saturday night sprees, and by having a few sober weeks to think over our condition, our thoughts would turn to things more noble and upright."

"About that time they were having a great revival in the city and we received an invitation from a christian young lady, and while in service pungent conviction came to our souls, we yielded to the call of the most High and you see the results."

We started out that night to live a new life and try in some way to make reparation for the wrong we have done and the lives we have lived.

Next morning we were given a good place in a wholesale grocery store and in a few weeks we had worked ourselves up to the first places in the store, and now we are get-

ting one hundred dollars a month, and the privilege to live with Mr. Thompson in the most attractive home in that beautiful city."

"Mother," Willie continued, "I have come home to make you and sister happy the rest of your days."

"And, I think someone else will be happy," said Lucile, as she pointed her finger at the home across the way.

About the same thing went on in Judge Sharp's home. Tommy Sharp entered in the back way, flinging himself into his father's arms and asked forgiveness, and his father graciously received him as one coming from the dead. It was a great hour in Judge Sharp's home when Tommy Sharp told about his conversion and his good resolutions and what he intended to do to repay his loved ones for the grief he had brought upon them.

And with great pride he told his father about the false report that had been published and circulated about Lucile Cameron attempting to rob a drunken man, that it was her brother she was helping out of the

ditch and she was only feeling in his pockets to see if he had anything he could lose; he also told him how Lucile spent the night in the lock-up with her brother, and how loyal she had been to him although it brought disgrace upon her.

"Well," said Judge Sharp, "Lucile has risen a hundred per cent in my estimation. A girl who would stay with her brother like that with such christian fortitude and such sacrificial spirit will be a great light in the world as long as she lives."

"And, how is Willie?" said Effie. "I think that Willie is a very fine young man," Tommy replied, "I think he could almost have had his choice of any young lady in the city, but would always reply when the question was put to him by the fair sex, that he had left his heart at home."

After the family greetings were over, Willie and Lucile Camron were walking arm in arm up and down the porch. Thomas Sharp was peeping through the window trying to get a glimpse of the one that was all the world to him.

At that moment Willie and Lucile stepped in full view of the Sharp home. And as Tommy Sharp gave a sly glance at Lucile he said "How beautiful she is today—she is a perfect angel. I just cannot stand it—I must see her at once." He went to the dresser and fixed his tie and dressed his hair, all the time wondering how she would receive him.

At that juncture Effie Sharp walked into the room and exclaimed, "Oh, you bad boy, where are you going?"

"Well, I thought I would just step over and see Bill for a moment. Would you like to go with me?" "Oh, with joy," she said. And hand in hand they walked out of the house and up the walk to the Cameron home. As they reached the steps Lucile ran to meet them.

"Tommy Sharp extended his hand saying, "Oh, how sweet for us to meet again, Lucile." Her hand was so warm and tender somewhat expressing the feeling of her heart he drew her closer to him and without a

word kissed her tenderly. "Oh, forgive me, Lucile, I could not help it."

"I did not want you to," Lucile replied, as she still held his hand in her warm grasp.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Bill, old fellow," Tommy Sharp turned to Willie Cameron, but to his surprise he saw his sweet little sister standing with her hand on Willie's shoulder, he exclaimed mirabile visu, (wonderful to see) and all he could hear her say, "Oh, dearest, I am so glad you were sent back to me. Oh, how sweet life is now to us all."

"Christmas gift," said Lucile to Effie, when they had somewhat recovered from the dilemma they were thown into by the happy meeting. "Well," said Effie, "I haven't anything to give you but my big brother." "Thank you very much," Lucile said, and hand in hand the two couples walked into the Cameron home and sat side by side. Tommy Sharp whispered to Lucile, "Is it all right now?" And Lucile smiled sweetly as she looked up into his face, "If we can get your father's consent, I think our lives will be made glorious."

"We will do our best to win him," said Tommy, "and I will take the case up with him immediately while his heart is yet tender and I think he will yield to my request."

"How beautiful is this world now to me, Lucile. I will give the best that is in me for you and for my country, and for all that is good and holy, and the thought comes to me with tremendous force, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and I will endeavor to marshal the moral forces in the city in which I live and lead a campaign against the demon drink to drive him from that vacinity so that I might be able to free my brother man from his awful clutches."

CHAPTER XII.

LUCILE'S VICTORY.

Judge Sharp was sitting in the parlor waiting for the return of his children from the Cameron home, when a servant knocked at the door. Judge Sharp went immediately to the door to answer the call and as he opened the door a servant handed him a note, which he read quickly.

"As the children are all here and enjoying themselves so much, I would like very much to have you come over and take dinner with us. Mrs. Sarah Cameron."

Judge Sharp turned the note over and wrote on the back these words, "I will come with pleasure. H. D. Sharp."

Now, Judge Sharp was somewhat an aristocrat and eccentric man but he would always have a tender place in his heart for

anyone who would show him a bit of kindness.

When the dinner hour came Judge Sharp and the four children were ushered into the beautiful dining room, which was decorated with beautiful Christmas holly.

Mrs. Cameron took her seat at one end of the table and Judge Sharp sat opposite her at the other, and Lucile and Tommy sat on one side, and Effie and Willie on the other.

They were eating and chatting away like robins that had found the first ripe holly berries of the season.

"Mother," said Willie, "I have such a predacious appetite. I think you will be compelled to tell me when to quit like you used to do when I was a little boy."

"Well, I reckon I could," said Mrs. Cameron, "but I will just turn you over to Effie and she will judge that matter for you."

Every now and then Judge Sharp would take a furtive glance at Mrs. Cameron as though he was watching the chief robin in the holly bush.

"Well, Mrs. Cameron, I must say that you look ten years younger today than you did yesterday." The rose of youth had returned to her faded cheeks and as the face generally gives expression to the heart, Mrs. Cameron's heart was overflowing with gratitude for the return of her boy. The world seemed to be a new world and all was well.

Mrs. Cameron lifted her eyes and caught the smile that was playing on Judge Sharp's face, and blushing as a sixteen year old girl she said, "Well I think it is true, Mr. Sharp, this is such a happy day to me, I think it has rolled back ten years on the calendar of my life," and she added, "I think I can pay you the same compliment."

"Just listen at that," said Lucile, as she whispered to Tommy, "I think they are getting up a case, and if they do I believe we can get your father's consent to our marriage."

"It seems to be an auspacious hour for all of us," said Tommy, "The dream boys have returned home, the disgrace that was ap-

pending over your head has been removed, the gulf that was flowing between our parents seems to have been abridged, and now we are one family and I think brighter days are ahead for us yet."

Dinner was over and they all returned to the parlor. There they talked over the past, sometimes weeping, sometimes laughing, and all conceded that it was the happiest Christmas day that they had ever spent in their lives.

Tommy whispered to Lucile, "let us take a walk in the flower garden and sit under the Magnolia where we sat in childhood days, talking over the future and dreaming of a day like this."

So they left the house and were soon sitting on what was known as 'Lovers Bench." The sun was just hiding itself behind the radiant sky in the west; the full moon, the monarch of the night, was just rising in all of its grandeur and splendor. "Oh, how beautiful the moon is tonight," said Lucile, "I think if it could speak it would have more

love stories to tell than any other of God's planets."

Tommy Sharp acquiesced by a nod of his head. "Yes," said Tommy, "I would look upon the full moon when I was away from you and somehow it drew me very close to you. I would think as I looked upon it that you were looking upon the same object, and as we were looking at the same thing, we were drawn very close together in this way. You would have thought me an inept fellow if you could have seen me weeping sometimes when I thought of you."

"That is inconsequential now," Lucile added, "since I have you back at home and at my side."

"Now, Tommy, I want us to review and perview the progress of prohibition. Some say that prohibition does not prohibit. We all know that is a false statement because if it did not prohibit, why should the liquor dealers pay out millions of dollars to prevent the liquor traffic from being eliminated from the country. It will go without argument

that their actions defeat their arguments."

"Look at the success of prohibition in Tennessee, Kansas, and every district that enforces the prohibition law. Prohibition has brought peace and happiness and prosperity wherever it has gone. You remember when we had such a money panic a few years ago and Wall Street was about to fail and almost ruin the United States, that Kansas, a dry State, had to furnish New York money to save it?"

There are several reasons for that and I will give you a few: First, a sober man has a greater capacity to earn money; second, he will have a greater capacity to save money, and as a general rule he will live many years longer than the man given to drink and be able to increase his income, and not only help himself but the country in which he lives. And, oh, what has prohibition brought to humanity at large? It has brought clothes and food to many a destitute family, because the husbands and fathers would drink up the returns of their earn-

ings, and brought peace and joy to many a troubled soul. And, oh," and here her voice trembled with emotion as she put her hand gently on Tommy's arm, "it has brought my own dear boy back to me."

Tommy took her hand and pressed it to his lips and said, "How sweet it is, Lucile, to sit here and hear you make such a speech for prohibition."

"Oh, Tommy," said Lucile, "the liquor business is so unjust, that is the law that protects it. I saw something the other day that stirred my very soul. You know old Sam Brown, he has a wife and six children, they live in a hut in an out of the way place, and he gets two dollars a day, which will support them very nicely if he woulld not drink it up every Saturday night in Old Bill Davis' saloon. The other day he got drunk, the policemen caught him and put him in a lock up. He was fined twenty five dollars for disturbing the peace. He not only lost his week's wages, but it will take him about two weeks and a half to pay the fine. Now,

old Bill Davis did not suffer, neither did old man Brown, but the wife and those little children had to suffer for the misdeeds of the father."

"Now, if they had done the right thing and it would have been according to law, they would have put old Bill Davis, the saloon man, in a lock-up and fined him about five hundred dollars, and would have given that poor wife and children the money to live on, and let old man Brown work the time out on the road, until he would learn a lesson that would last him for several years."

"Well, I am glad that there is a ray of light piercing the dark clouds now pending over our heads, that in a few years we will be able to drive the demon from our land and save the poor wretches who are now in servitude to such a one."

"The dogs of war are howling on every continent and fighting machines are being prepared for the conflict, and it seems to me that the atonement is about to be made for the sins of the nations, and when this ca-

lamitous and carnage and ghastly period shall have passed there will be a standard for morality raised that will call all nations to this great ideal that I have just presented to you. The reform of life demands it, the best judgment of men demands it, and all nature demands it, and by the help of the high powers we will be able to direct the destiny of our government in such a way that it will be an inspiration to all nations that look in upon us."

At that moment Judge Sharp walked out to the place where Lucile and Tommy were sitting. "Well, children," Judge Sharp broke in, "I have been looking for you. It is getting too cool for you to sit out any longer in the open air."

"Sit down a moment, father," said Tommy, "I have something to ask you and I must do it tonight."

Judge Sharp took his seat on the other side of Lucile, and Tommy still gazing steadfastly at his father trying to discover by the expression on his face whether or not

he had reached the psycological moment for the question. "Well, son, what is it that you have to ask me tonight?" Tommy quickly replied, "I just as well come to the point at once, father. I love Lucile and she loves me and we are now engaged and with your consent we can have a happy marriage." Here Tommy's voice trembled and he could scarcely articulate the last word, and Judge Sharp seemed to demur for a few moments, which seemed to be hours to both parties concerned, but finally spoke. "My boy, I was just hesitating to collect words to express my approval. Lucile you have won the victory," Judge Sharp continued, as he extended her his hand. "You have not only won my boy's heart, but you have won mine. My boy and my home, all I have belong to you now. I lay them at your feet to reward you for your faithfulness and fidelity to your first promise made to my outcast boy."

"Oh," said Lucile, "I will have a father now. I have longed to have someone to call

father ever since death claimed my own dear father."

"Now," Judge Sharp continued, "I want to give you a father's blessing," and he took Lucile's hand and placed it in his son's hand. The old man turned his face to the shining moon and said, "May the blessings of High Heaven attend your pathway; may you ever be true to each other unto the end. Now only one request I will make of you is this, I want you all to promise that not one drop of liquor will pass your lips or ever come into your home."

"We will gladly promise that, father" said Tommy, "with all our hearts."

Judge Sharp closed the conversation by saying, "The first message that Lucile brought to my heart is still ringing in my ears, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and that I have promised——" here Judge Sharp hesitated, Lucile whispered, "I told you they had up a case." "that I would do all that I could to help humanity, for in helping humanity you help yourself."

"Well, what are your plans for the future?" said Judge Sharp to Tommy.

"I am glad to tell you father," Tommy replied, "that I have just received a telegram from Mr. Thompson, the man whom we were working for in Nashville, stating that he would open up a branch store in this city in a very short time and he is very desirous that Willie Cameron and myself should manage the business for him, and I thought we would accept the proposition."

"Very good, my boy," said Judge Sharp, "I will assist you in building up a great business in this town."

In a few weeks from that time there was a double wedding, when Lucile Cameron and Thomas Sharp, and Willie Cameron and Effie Sharp were united in matrimony in the Cameron home, and as they were leaving for their honeymoon, Judge Sharp started to leave the wedding scene, as he was bidding Mrs. Cameron good-bye, he whispered to her, "Just as soon as the new bungalow is finished on

the other block for Willie and Effie, I will call for my own and take you home." Mrs. Cameron nodded consent as the Judge departed from the home.

THE END.

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